

# CHINA



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No. 37021

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1958.

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## COMMENT OF THE DAY

### UNION UNREST

THE British transport industry is currently facing one of the most grave crises in its history. The central London busmen have already turned down the Industrial Court's award of 8s 6d and are standing out for an extra 2s and a shorter week. At the time the busmen refused to abide by the Court's decision it was forecast that a strike by this section of the industry would be doomed to failure, but now that the railway workers have had their request for an increase refused by the Railway Arbitration Tribunal trouble looms high on the transport horizon.

The outcome of the Tribunal's findings was not unexpected and the Union leaders had been threatening to take action unless an award was made in their favor.

Despite the Government's endeavours to hold down wages and thus equate them with the cost of living, both the railwaymen and the busmen are determined to follow a course which can only lead to a rupture in the national economy and disruption of the transport services.

### Cards On Table

THE cards are now on the table; sides have been taken and it is hard to see a way clear to forestall what appears to be an inevitable clash of opposing forces with the ultimate result that all will be the losers in the long run.

At the present moment, the British cost of living is being held fairly steady, but as Lord Hinchinbrooke, an Independent Conservative, states the only thing that can make it rise to crisis point next autumn will be a failure of the Government to stand firm on current wage claims.

Lord Hinchinbrooke also calls on the unions to meet their ways as he suggests that otherwise it might be the end of them.

At first sight this implies a threat of totalitarianism, but as this is so far divorced from democracy the implication seems to be that the unions will be destroyed by the rank-and-file rising against their leaders who pursue policies not in keeping with reality. This is not without some substance as the Labour Party leaders in recent weeks warned union heads that they will have to curb their demands in the event of a Labour victory at the next general elections.

# PI CONSUL DEFENDS COLONY

## False Charges Of Smuggling & Counterfeiting

By E. C. ALBERTO

The Philippine Consul-General, Mr. Eduardo L. Rosal, today defended Hongkong against unfounded charges made by certain "irresponsible" officials of his government that the Colony is a smuggling and counterfeiting centre.

He told the China Mail he had sent a memorandum to the Philippine Government protesting the false charges which he said had incurred the displeasure of the Hongkong authorities.

A spokesman of the Hongkong Government declined to comment on the charges or on Mr. Rosal's statement.

Mr. Rosal did not mention the Philippine officials by name. But he said: "Irresponsible and untrue statements by certain officials of the Philippine customs, internal revenue and investigation agencies damage the good relations between the Philippines and Hongkong which I am duty-bound to promote."

They talk about Filipino tourists smuggling goods from Hongkong to the Philippines. The tourists openly carry their goods into the Philippines about ships and planes."

Mr. Rosal made these remarks when asked to comment on a recent report from Manila about a Presidential team coming here to investigate "smuggling" by Filipino tourists.

(The team, headed by the Secretary of Public Works, Mr. Florencio Moreno, came here yesterday.)

## FRENCH STRIKE THREAT

Paris, Apr. 11. An almost total walkout is expected tomorrow throughout France's coal, iron and potash mines, labour union officials said today.

The 24-hour "warning strike" to affect about 300,000 miners, will be repeated but for an "indefinite period," on April 21, if union claims are not granted, the officials said.

French coal mines are nationalized. The Government fears that any increase in wages would affect the cost of coal and thus will be felt in other sectors of the economy—France-Press.

## AUSTRALIAN GUNNER ARRESTED

Sydney, Apr. 11.

An 18-year-old Australian Army gunner was remanded in custody here today as detectives kept a hospital vigil over the British woman he is alleged to have criminally assaulted and attempted to murder.

The soldier, Gary David Matthews, was alleged by the police to have crept up on Mrs. Victoria Joan Hawkins, 30-year-old wife of a British Army Major, on Wednesday and choked her unconscious with his lanyard.

He was remanded until April 28 without a plea being taken.

Detectives wait at Mrs. Hawkins' hospital bedside, where she lies unconscious and critically ill, hoping they will be able to interview her.

Matthews was alleged by the police prosecutor to have attacked Mrs. Hawkins as she sat on the verandah of her home in army quarters near here.

He then carried her to a nearby disused room, battered her and criminally assaulted her it was stated.

Mrs. Hawkins comes from Matlock, Derbyshire. Her husband, a Londoner, is in the Royal Army Service Corps, on loan to the Australian Army—China Mail Special.

## TREASON CHARGES DROPPED

Rangoon, Apr. 11.

The Burmese Home Ministry today withdrew treason charges against a former Cabinet Minister, U Lun, arrested in 1954 with two other former Ministers. They were alleged to have conspired to engineer a coup in 1949.

U Lun had written to the Home Minister admitting his "errors." The Government had said it would drop charges against the accused if they made such an admission.

The other Minister still in detention, U Ba Pe, 73, has made no admission and the case against him will continue.

The third accused, U Thawaddy Maung, died early this year at the age of 64.—Reuters.

## SPUTNIK II VISIBLE

Manchester, Apr. 11.

The dog-carrying Soviet Sputnik II could be seen clearly with the naked eye near here tonight.

An eye-witness said it appeared "very high and almost like a star."

A bright shining tail also could be seen.—Reuters.

## Justifiable Homicide Verdict In Lana Turner Drama

By JACK V. FOX

Hollywood, Apr. 11.

A Coroner's Jury today ruled that the death of Lana Turner's lover, at the hands of her 14-year-old daughter, was "justifiable homicide."

The verdict of the 10 man, two woman jury came 28 minutes after it received the case. It followed the dramatic re-telling of the fateful Good Friday night in the Turner household by the dazzling star herself.

## ANOTHER HOAX IN BRITAIN

London, Apr. 11.

"Top secret" atomic papers found in an underground railway station here on Wednesday night were a deliberate hoax, the British Atomic Energy Authority stated tonight.

The documents, which brought a Scotland Yard detective speeding to the station, contained pages in Russian torn from university examination papers.

A blueprint marked "top secret" appeared to be based on published drawings.

Six other sheets had been copied from a text book. Two film negatives showed a church and a train—China Mail Special.

## Govt Generals Failed, Say Rebels

Singapore, Apr. 11.

The Indonesian Army generals had failed in their war against the Central Sumatran rebels, Padang radio said tonight.

"Soekarno stated this would be a lightning war—over in 14 days," the rebel radio said.

But the war is now about a month old, and the revolutionary republic two months old.

"Our troops are launching counter-attacks on various fronts, and we have the support of most of the population."

## DICTATOR

The rebel radio said "Soekarno wants to become a dictator. He is using the people as tools to achieve his ambition."

"We, the people, made him what he is. Why should we let him use us as instruments of his personal gain, and turn this country into a Russian satellite?"—Reuters.

## Judge Rejects Witchcraft Evidence

Bombay, Apr. 11.

A judge today rejected evidence here that a band of women, riding naked on dogs, had led a man into the jungle and then killed him and eaten his flesh during a lesson in witchcraft.

He rejected the evidence of two girls—daughters of the man alleged to have been killed—and acquitted their 60-year-old grandmother and five other women of a charge of murder. All the accused belonged to the aboriginal tribe.

The prosecution said the two girls, Navashi, 15, and Pateri, 10, were told they would have to sacrifice their father as part of their lessons in witchcraft.

The juvenile hearing will be held on the 24th, McKesson said.—United Press.

## INTO JUNGLE

On the night of October 5 they and the accused woke up their father and asked him to follow them. The women, some of them riding naked on dogs, led him into the jungle, killed him and ate his flesh, the prosecution said.

Police later found a skull and bones, but an anatomy expert said they might have belonged to a woman.

The judge said the Prosecution had not succeeded in establishing the murder of the missing man, who disappeared after going to a nearby town to seek work.

The case was based on the general belief in the Warli village that many people had died because of black magic practised by the accused women, he said.—Reuters.

## Miners To Co-operate With Coal Board

London, Apr. 11.

Delegates representing Britain's 700,000 miners—meeting in conference here today—unanimously agreed on their union policy of co-operation with the National Coal Board to combat a slump in their industry.

On wages and conditions, the conference agreed to resist any attempt to worsen conditions and use every method to improve them.

The Coal Board's plan to shut uneconomic pits should only be a last resort adopted after all other steps were taken. The Union should press for the restriction of new open-pit working.

The Union accepted restricted recruitment as a short-term measure but urged a limitation of unnecessary oil imports. Sales must be stimulated, and the Government should be pressed to encourage extended East-West trade.—Reuters.

## Stowaway Sent Home

London, Apr. 11.

Maria Salopek, aged 22, pretty Yugoslav girl who came here by stowing away among a cargo of oranges on a Swedish ship, today sailed back for Yugoslavia.

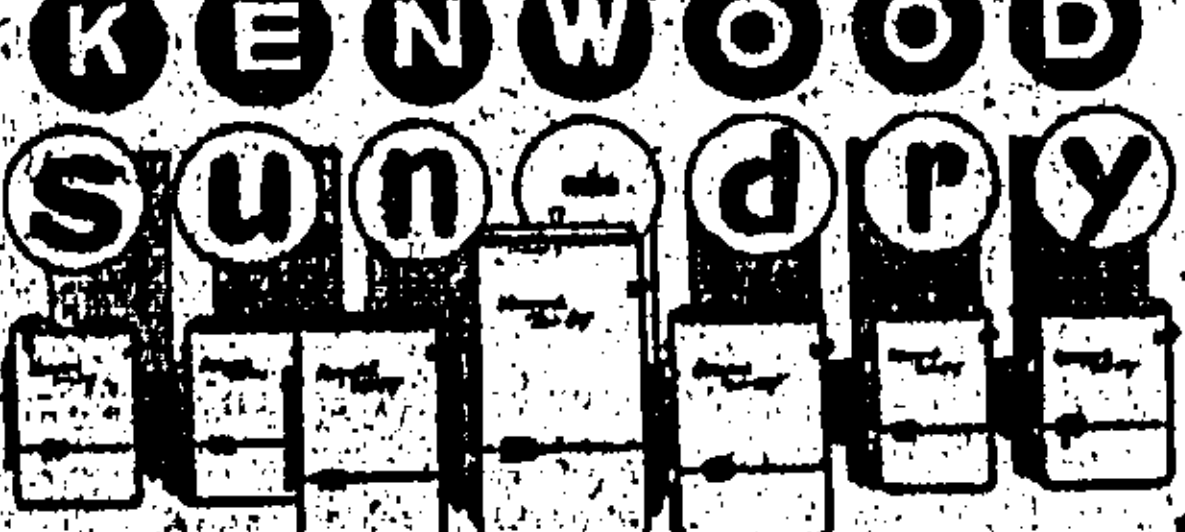
Before Maria left aboard the 3,500-ton Yugoslav ship Volvo, the vessel's master said: "She will probably be fined and put in prison when she reaches Yugoslavia."

The girl was found when the 1,907-ton Swedish ship Ivan Gorthon docked here last week.

She was held aboard the ship to await return home, but escaped—and was found and taken to a police station late the same night.—Reuters.

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OF BRISTOL

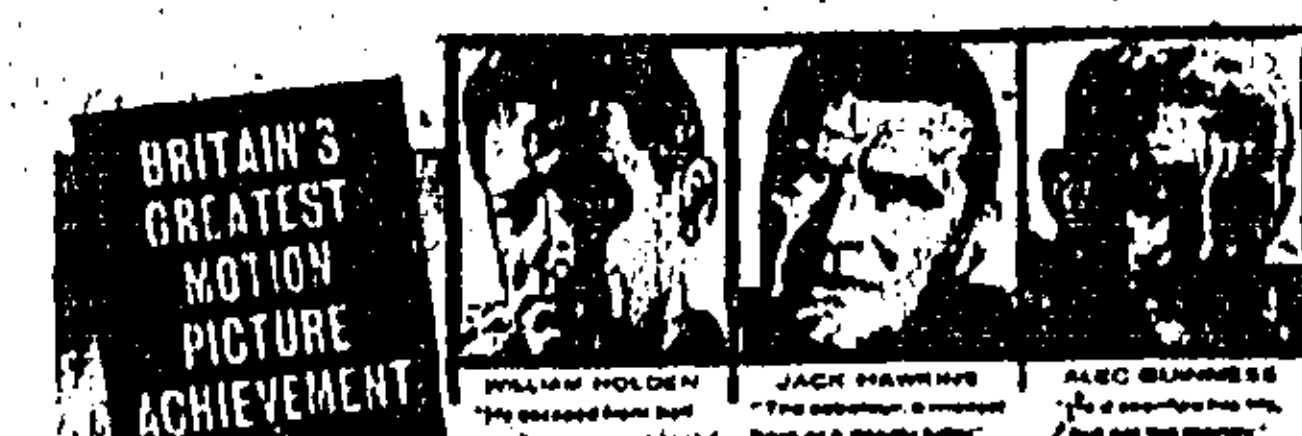
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**3 SHOWS DAILY**
**WINNER OF 7 ACADEMY AWARDS**  
**BEST PICTURE OF 1957**

**WILLIAM HOLDEN**  
**JACK HAWKINS • ALEC GUINNESS**
**The Bridge on the River Kwai**
 with BESSIE HAYAKAWA • JAMES DONALD • ANDREA MARVEL • PETER BRUNING • JOHN BAKER  
 Music by ROBERT ALTON, Lyrics by NORMAN PANAMA, Lyrics by NORMAN PANAMA  
 Produced by SAM PRUITT, Directed by DAVID LEAN  
 Cinemascope Technicolor

(This picture will not be shown again in H.K. in 1958).

 Please note Special Admission Prices:  
 Logo & Dress Circle: \$4.70, Back Stalls: \$3.50,  
 Front Stalls: \$2.40

(Complimentary tickets are not valid for this film)

**KING'S****4 SHOWS****"THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI"**

Extra Morning Show At 11.15 a.m.

**PRINCESS****TO-MORROW****SPECIAL MATINEES**
 At 11.00 a.m. M-G-M present  
**TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS**  
 Variety Programme

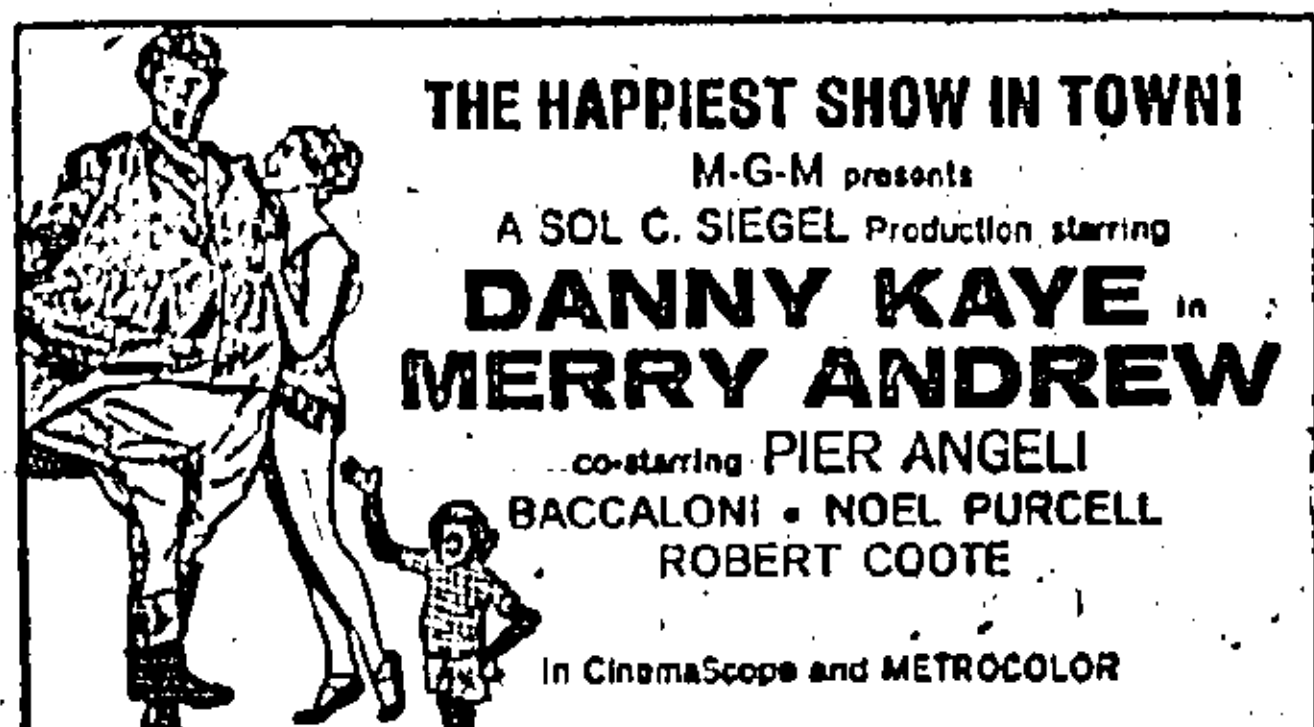
Reduced Prices: \$1.00, \$1.50

 At 12.30 p.m. M-G-M present  
 Stewart Granger • Deborah Kerr in
**"KING SOLOMON'S MINES"**

Reduced Prices: \$1.00, \$1.50

**HOOVER • LIBERTY**

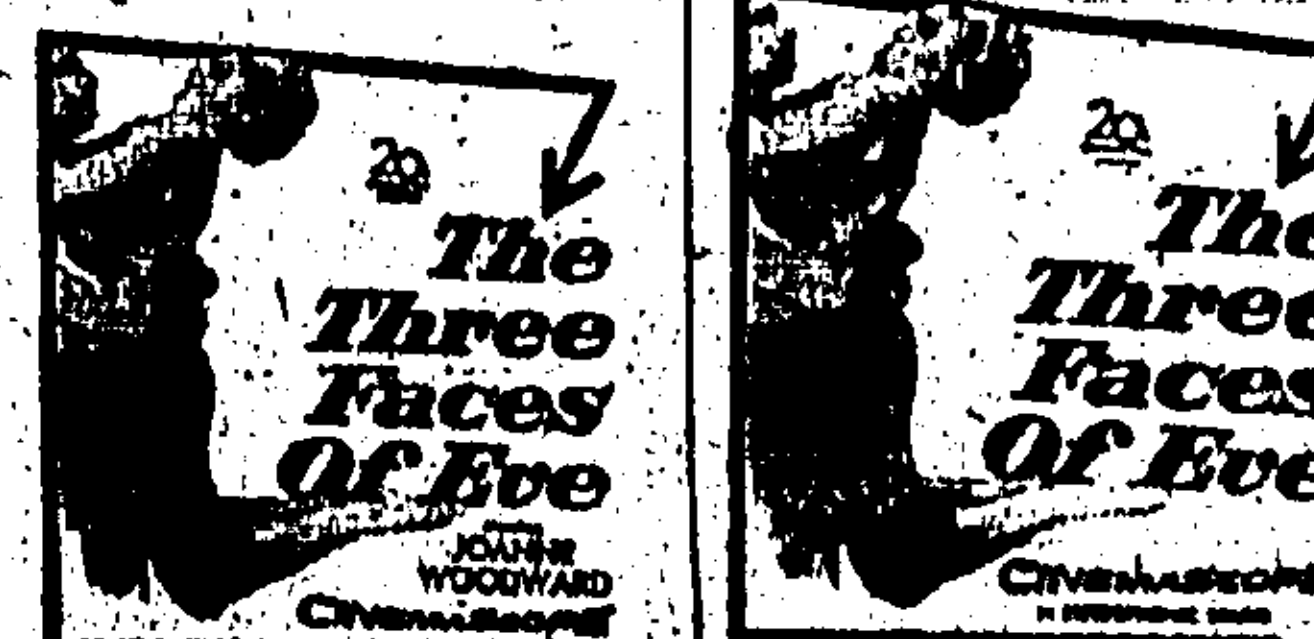
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**NOW 2nd WEEK** 2.30, 5.30, 7.30  
 & 9.30 P.M.  
 A PICTURE FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY!!!


SPECIAL MATINEE ON SUNDAY, APRIL 13, 1958

 Hoover at 12:00 noon  
 Liberty at 12:30 p.m.  
 Kamini, Kaushtal  
 Skekhar, Pran & Navab  
 in "AN 800"  
 Adm. \$3.50, \$2.40 & \$1.50  
 Reduced Admission
**ORIENTAL MAJESTIC**

AIR CONDITIONED

**TO-DAY**  
 AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.  
 One of the Academy Award  
 1957 Winner Films!  
 The Most fantastic true  
 personal story every told!

 Monday Show to-morrow  
 at 12.30 p.m.  
**"TROUBLE IN STORE"**
**SUNDAY MORNING SHOW**  
 At 12.30 p.m.  
**"O.K. NERO"**
**FILMS** CURRENT & COMING  
by ANTHONY FULLER

MR N. T. Chow has written in quite a long letter about my criticism of the film "Sayonara." It is an extremely able criticism of the film in its own right, and although I do not know Mr Chow, I have seen letters of his in the press of the best film papers in the United Kingdom; any point he raises is of considerable importance and ably expressed.

What Mr Chow seems to object to, is my calling "Sayonara" an "overmoderate" plot. Now I will tell you why I said so. Had I written up my copy while still under the emotional impact of the film, it would have been a devastating attack on all narrow minded and crooked natures, that cannot see that all the world is one people.

I would have strangled all those plummy-minded people who cannot see that falling in love is nothing to do with race or colour, or any other of those artificial barriers erected by the Lilliputian controllers of our destiny.

But the fact remains, I have to live in a society that will not permit the obvious. And on that account, I cannot blame Western society alone. The Chinese are extremely race-conscious, the Japanese also, and they have erected barriers against the mingling of East and West in marriage.

More's the pity, but that is the situation, and such courageous people who defy the narrow conservative conventions of society have an uneasy time when the first fine flush of romance is over.

Therefore, I must take the situation as it is. The film does exaggerate the type that existed, who full of blind prejudice, destroy the beauty that fine minds discover in the undoubted beauty of different races.

Unlike Mr Chow, I found Brando's rather theatrical exit less convincing than Red Buttons. Somehow, I thought, this romance would fade when they settled down to the mundane business of housekeeping in the States.

However, Mr Chow makes his points well, and I still think the influence of "Sayonara," and speaks of a world we long for—rather than a world as it is.

ALL the films are running a second week, so that affords us an opportunity of taking a second look at them. First I want to take the case of Colonel Nicholson.



FAST-rising French actress Mylene Demongout (hailed as successor to Brigitte Bardot) gnaws a chicken bone in a London restaurant with her husband, 31-year-old photographer Henri Coste. Mylene was in London for the premiere of her film "Bonjour Tristesse." She and Henri were married a month ago.—Express.

Without exaggeration, I have heard more talk about this film than any other I can remember. Colonel Nicholson, as portrayed by Alec Guinness in "The Bridge on the River Kwai," seems to be one of those creations which step right out of the pages of fiction to become a living personality.

It is not beyond the bounds of probability that we shall soon speak of a "Nicholson mind" or a "Nicholson manner."

I find people are strongly divided in their opinions as to what would have happened to Colonel Nicholson had he survived the tragedy of the incident of the bridge.

My opinion was asked. The answer I gave was that he would have been given a court-martial, and furthermore, had I been a member of such a court, I would have tried to have given him all that a court could—including a "bowler hat."

The fact of the matter is Colonel Nicholson lost sight of his objective. People say he maintained the morale of his men. He did, and no one can deny that the qualities he displayed in so doing place him as an exceptional man among men.

But at the same time he lost sight of his real objective. He boasted morale, and lost himself in the secondary objective, building a better bridge than the Japanese, to show British superiority.



the regular, made him the kind necessary to carry out the Fabian tactics which were the enemy down, and softened him up for the kill.

I often met "Colonel Nicholson." He almost drove me mad at times, so that I often wondered whether he thought the job was some big game played by some set of rules decided upon by himself and the enemy commanders.

I can assure you he would not have survived court martial, except if medical evidence was forthcoming to prove him of disturbed balance of mind.

★  
 To fully appreciate the tremendous impact of "A Farewell to Arms," we have to recall that the novel was written by Ernest Hemingway over thirty years ago.

Hemingway stayed on in Paris with a crowd of young American writers, and they wrote in forceful terms of the life they saw in the midst of Europe's desolation. They were disillusioned. Nothing they had learned in the New World prepared them for the holocaust they found in the old.

Life from being a noble thing, and man a noble creature, they saw life as it was cruel, ugly, ignoble, and man a brutal savage.

It is this factor more than any other that conditioned their writing, and "A Farewell to Arms" with Hemingway's raw straight style, punched its way through the senses of the reading public.

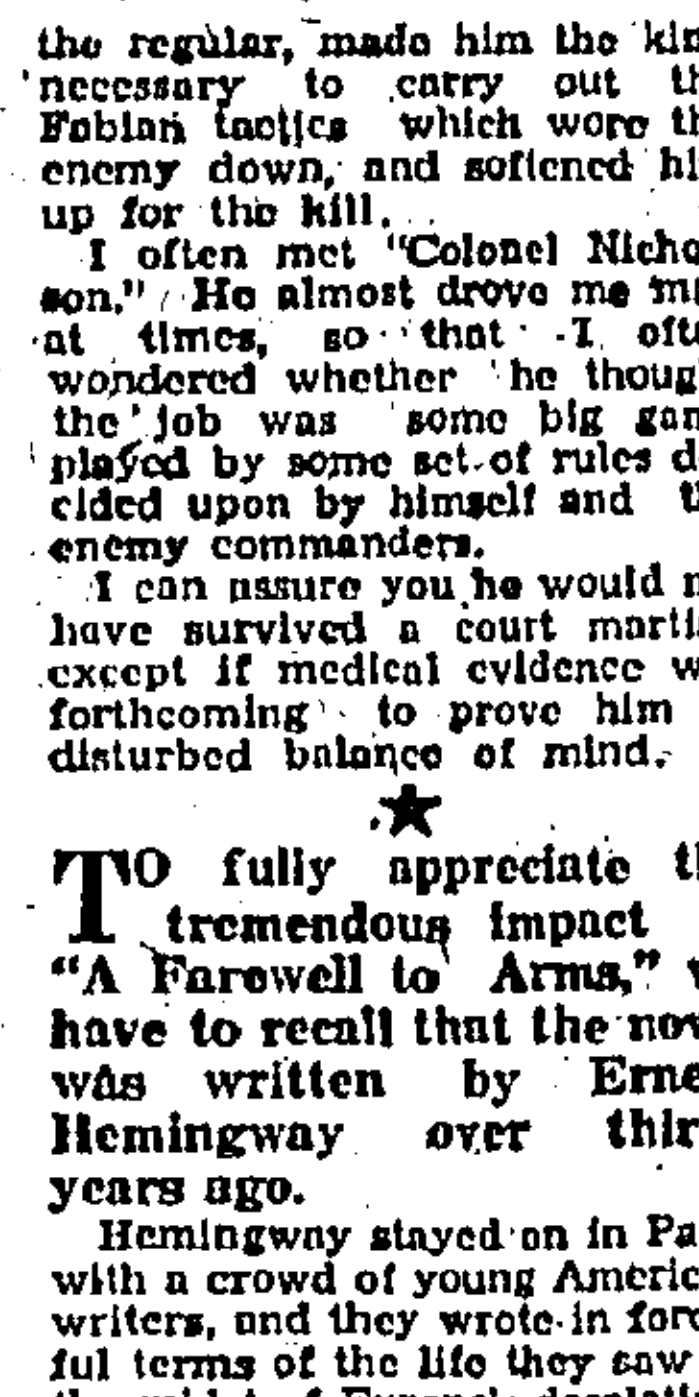
The picture is deliberately frank, clinical in its study of human instincts, and life is presented as something primitive, frightening, and desperately futile.

It is this approach, rather than the actual events of the first World War, which I say dates the subject. From my own limited experience shared with millions of others of the horrors of another war, I say Hemingway is wrong. For out of that living hell, I saw people who refused to surrender to circumstance, and build a heaven for themselves. Man is as foolish as wicked as Hemingway claims, but he is as brave as well as beast at times.

Whether you feel that Rock Hudson and Jennifer Jones recapture the defeated attitude of the author is a matter of opinion. For what is it worth my opinion is, they do not. The best performance seems to be that of Vittorio De Sica.

It is a raw film, slightly heated by the censor, but a challenging film. And I sense that there are men and women who every day refuse to accept this aspect of life, and refusing, win to heaven.

Beautifully filmed, gorgeous in its landscapes, a picture of considerable merit.



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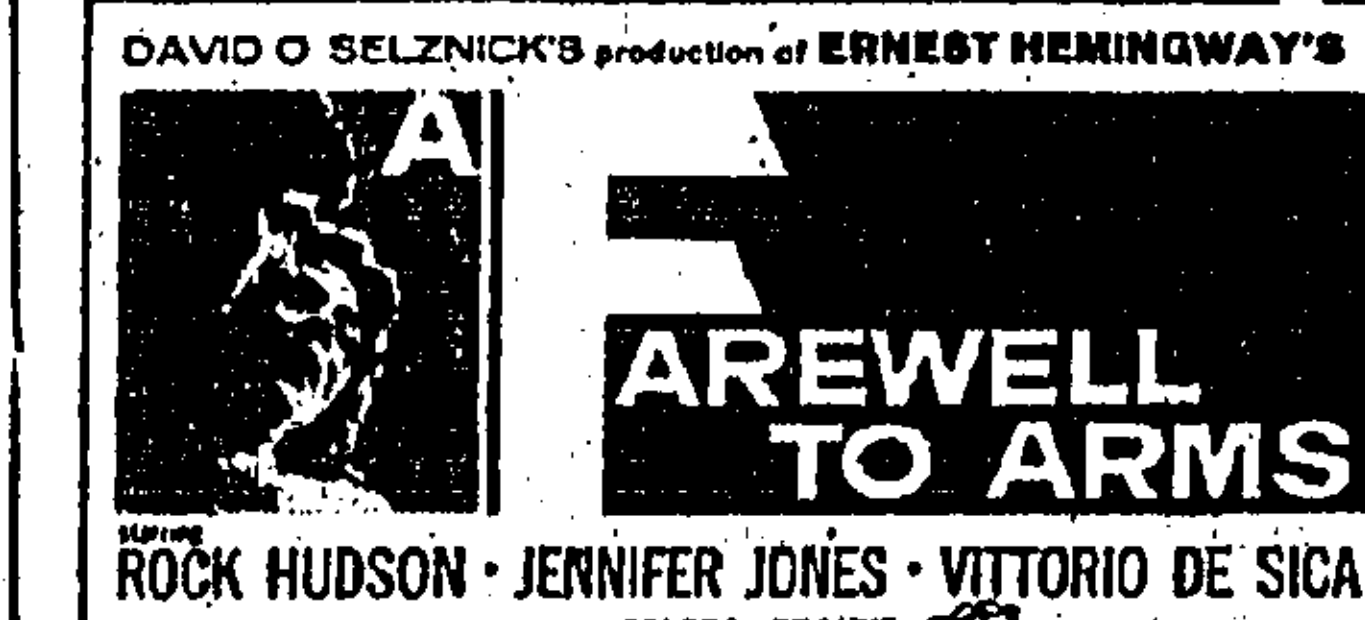
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AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

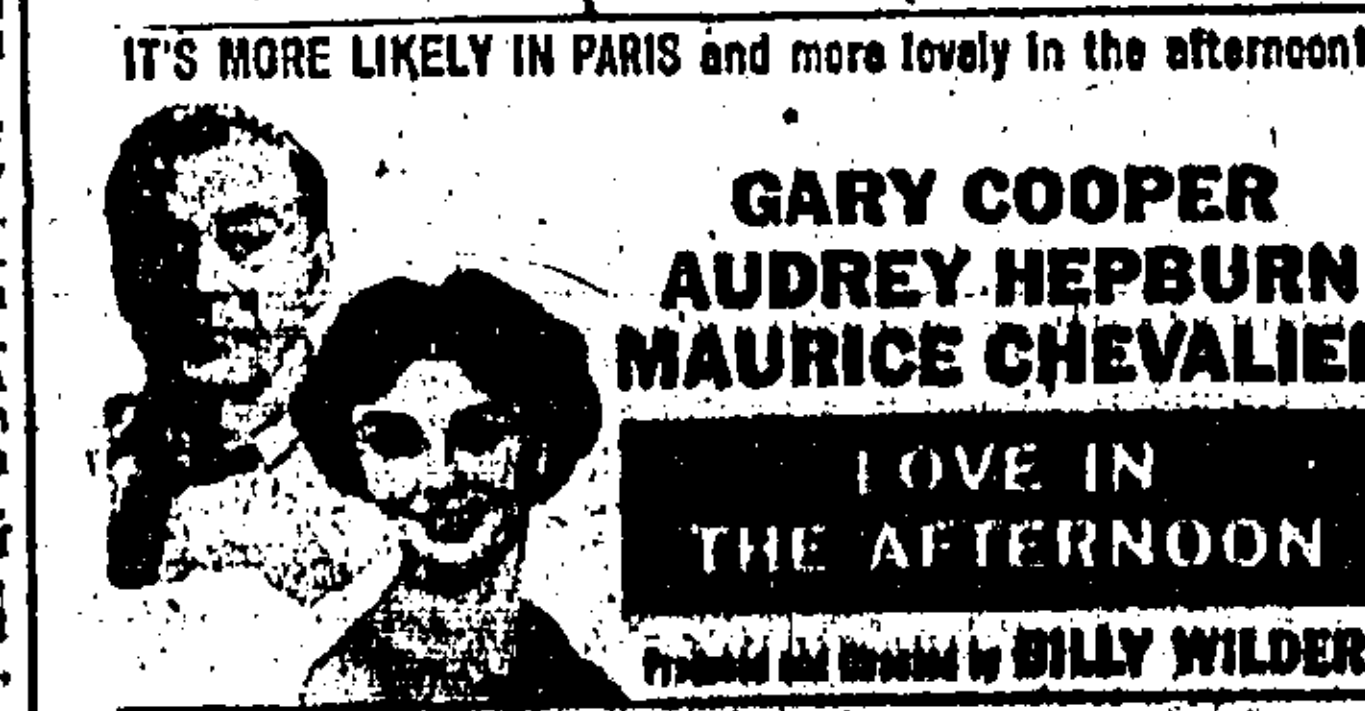


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**COLOUR CARTOONS**  
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**ROXY & BROADWAY**
**2nd SENSATIONAL WEEK**  
**NOW SHOWING THE 9th DAY**  
**4 SHOWS TO-DAY & TO-MORROW**

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Complimentary tickets are not valid for this picture

**BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show**  
 At 11.00 a.m. M-G-M TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS  
 At Reduced Prices
**STAR • METROPOLE**
**2nd GLORIOUS WEEK**  
**NOW SHOWING THE 11th DAY**  
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TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

 STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.  
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Technicolor Cartoons Programme

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METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show

At 12.30 p.m.

**"DAVID COPPERFIELD"**

Starring: Lionel BARRYMORE • Maureen O'SULLIVAN

At Reduced Prices

**NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE**

SHOWING

**KING'S & PRINCESS:** "The Bridge on the River Kwai." The whole world has paid homage to this film. It has swept the board clean of awards. It is Great! It is Superb! Hongkong will be thrilled by it. Britain is proud of it. A Columbia British production. Technicolor. William Holden, Jack Hawkins, with Bessie Hayakawa and James Donald.

**LEE & ASTOR:** "Sayonara." The emotional drama of mixed marriage, sentimental treatment; exquisite photography; a very fine direction. Marlon Brando, Miyoshi Umeki, and Patricia Owens.

**HOOVER & LIBERTY:** "Merry Andrew." A bright funny colourful picture.

**ROXY & BROADWAY:** "A Farewell to Arms." A new film version of Hemingway's classic. Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones and Vittorio De Sica.

COMING

**STAR & METROPOLE:** "Man of a Thousand Faces." The story of Lon Chaney, James Cagney, Dorothy Malone, and Jane Greer.

**ROXY & BROADWAY:** "The Long Hot Summer." Jerry Lewis' production of William Faulkner's stories of the South. Romance, sex, and drama, along with Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward.

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 Come and hear — this interesting subject  
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**PENINSULA HOTEL WEST HALL (FIRST FLOOR)**  
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**Lee & Astor**

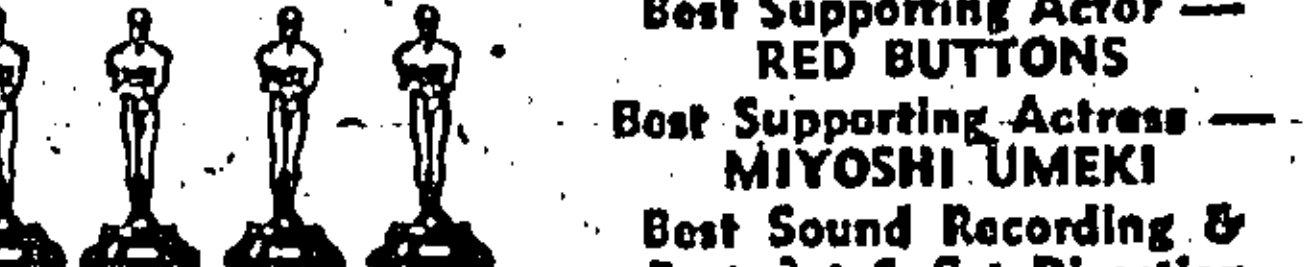
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**MARLON BRANDO**  
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 Directed by WILLIAM GOETZ • JOSHUA LOGAN • JAMES A. MCHENRY • PAUL OSBORN

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 At 2.00 & 9.45 p.m. only  
**EXCLUSIVE PICTURES OF THE**  
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LEE THEATRE At 12.00 noon

NORMAN WISDOM

In "UP IN THE WORLD"

Added THE GRAND NATIONAL

At Reduced Prices!

ASTON THEATRE At 11.00 a.m.

TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

from Fox

At 12.00 noon

ANN BLYTH in "STUDENT PRINCE"

In Color

At Reduced Prices!



Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

# Do You Want To Get Away From It All BUY AN ISLAND PARADISE!

## NAUGHTY NIGHTIE GIRLS

Dig, Dig, Dig

London. THE headmaster of £105-a-term St Christopher's School, Letchworth, Herts, doled out punishment to eight girl pupils who made a moonlight flit to London in overcoats and nighties as a joke.

The punishment: laying a new path in the school grounds.

As the girls, aged 13 to 15, tidied with shovels and rakes the head 25-year-old Mr Nicholas King Harris, said he was "absolutely furious" about the affair.

The girls tiptoed out of school after lights out one Wednesday, walked three miles to Hitchin Station, then headed for London on an express.

### RAISED ALARM

A ticket collector raised the alarm and the train was stopped at the next station, Stevenage.

But the girls foxed the officials searching for them. Said 15-year-old Ann Churchill, of Kensington: "We all hid in one toilet. We did not lock the door, so that when they saw the worn 'Vacant' sign, they were not suspicious and did not look in. We stayed there for the whole journey. It took over an hour."

The girls bluffed their way past a startled ticket collector at King's Cross by speaking French. But their French was suspected and the police were called. And the girls were sent back to Hitchin on an early morning train.

## HIS HOME HAD 16 CATS

London. FELIX WISNIEWSKI, who spent his £500 savings on a home for 16 stray cats was told last week his cats can stay in their shed in a Nantwich orchard.

The Nantwich urban council considered a committee recommendation that Wisniewski be allowed to keep the cats in a compound he put up without planning permission.

Conditions imposed included no breeding, no stray additions, no nuisance and that the matter be reviewed in a year.

The council was told a letter from the Cats Protection League and Tall Weyers Secretary, Albert A. Stewart, offering "to arrange for our nearest representative to make periodic calls to ensure whatever conditions were imposed would be carried out."—United Press.

## GIRL WAS SAVED BY A HEAD

Stockholm. A woman leaning out of a window saved the life of a three-year-old girl here last week.

Mrs Ruth Oest of Björkshagen, a Stockholm suburb, was leaning out of her kitchen window suddenly received a blow on her head.

The blow was caused by three-year-old Lena Berggren who had fallen out of a window in the apartment above.

Mrs Oest's head cushioned the fall and Lena hit the ground unhurt. She was rushed to hospital for X-ray. Needing a doctor's attention was Mrs Oest. She had a slight brain concussion.—United Press.

## But There Are A Few Hitches To The Dream

By HENRY MACLENNON

Rome. IF you love peace and quiet and would like to buy a small island to get away from it all, well there are several thousand scattered around the coasts of Italy and many of them are for sale.

Of course there are a few hitches to his dream of possessing an Italian island paradise.

## International Telephone Directory

Paris. A YOUNG French printer, who once spent two days trying to track down a New York telephone number, today prepared to publish an international telephone directory with more than 400,000 addresses in four languages.

Rene Molard hopes to sell 100,000 copies of the two-volume directory by subscription at 5,000 francs (US\$11.80) apiece.

He said he already has sold out the 5,000 copies of a similar directory he published two years ago, and subscription requests are pouring into his Paris office.

With mounting interest in the European Common Market and Free Trade zone projects, he figures he can't go wrong. Molard has reserved a stand in the forthcoming Brussels World Fair, where he hopes to attract more subscribers.

### Three Sections

The directory is divided into three main sections—by country, profession and alphabetical order. There are more than 4,500 sub-headings covering everything from hotels to doctors' telephone numbers.

At the beginning of the directory an explanatory section gives the key to the different headings in French, German, English and Spanish.

There also is a special section in Chinese and Japanese for the Far East.

Molard plans to keep the directory up to date by sending out new listings to subscribers every year until 1960. Then, a new edition will come out every year, he said.—United Press.

## Sues For Stealing Her Husband

London. A 50-year-old wife sued a 34-year-old legless woman in a London court last week for enticing her husband away.

Mrs Elizabeth Walton sued Mrs Florence Broadhead for damages for stealing Mrs Walton's husband, Alan. The case was sent for trial in a higher court.

Mrs Broadhead has been confined to a wheelchair for the 12 years since she was involved in a railroad accident which necessitated the amputation of both her legs.—United Press.

## Boots Galore And No One To Wear Them

London. Britain's Army has enough boots in its cupboard to shoe another two armies, the Government Auditor-General charged last week.

Sir Frank Tribe, Government Auditor-General and Comptroller said in his report on the Army's finances that 1,250,000 pairs of shiny new boots are currently sitting in storehouses with nobody to wear them.

What's more, he charged, there was nobody to wear them when they were bought. The War Office placed the original order in 1955 and when the Army's strength was cut, the original order became a colossal waste.—United Press.

## LUNCH FROM A BOTTLE?

London. Today's poster is it unparliamentary to say it? Some back-bench Members of Parliament think it is. They spoke up after Socialist Robert Edwards interrupted a speech by Conservative Dudley Williams and accused him of "having his lunch out of a bottle."

Furthermore, Edwards added, "It is the bottle which is speaking—and not the honourable member."

The Deputy Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Charles MacAndrew was asked by the back-benchers if such a statement was "proper and seemly."

The Deputy Speaker pondered and ruled it not improper "if there was nothing except water" in the bottle.—United Press.

## Here's One Civil Servant Who Didn't Ask For A Raise

London. A shining example of restraint in not asking for a pay raise during the battle for inflation has been set by one of the Government's black-coated established civil servants.

He is Peter—the Home Office cat.

Peter is on the official staff of the Home Office, a drab, sooty building in Whitehall housing the Ministry which oversees internal affairs.

He patrols the corridors of the building day and night, always available to chase rats or mice, or sit in front of the glowing fire at the main entrance and watches who comes in and out.

Peter is paid six pounds ten shillings a year. A spokesman was asked today whether Peter had recently asked for a raise.

"Until a few years ago he was only making three pounds eighteen shillings a year, but it was decided in view of the cost of living to put him up to his new rate of pay."

"He has not made any request recently," the spokesman said, "but naturally we would consider any request on its merits."

Peter is a shining example to his fellow civil servants. "No complaints from him for working overtime, and no demands for more pay."

### 10 YEARS OLD

The sleek black animal is 10 years old, and was brought to the Home Office as a kitten.

"What will happen when he dies?" the spokesman was asked, but he refused to consider the question.

The Home Office without Peter is unthinkable. There always has been a black cat at the Home Office and his name always has been Peter.

Round his neck he wears the badge of his office. The solid leather collar, sports brass plaque reads:

"Peter, Home Office, S. W. 1." Few cats have better addresses, and surely none of them earn as much.—United Press.

## The Law Returns One Shilling With Thanks

London. BUSINESSMAN Mr J. Barclay-Barr said ruefully last week: "I should have known better than to try and tip a London bobby...."

## CAN MARRY AND KEEP FORTUNE

London. HEIRESS Penelope Chamberlayne got some good news—she can marry and still keep the fortune she inherited from her grandfather.

Penelope, 21, is marrying Major Nigel MacDonald soon. But under the terms of her grandfather's will, drawn up in 1912, she loses her huge home, its 10,000 acres of ground and the priceless antiquities kept in it, if she changes her name from Chamberlayne.

Grandfather Tankerville Chamberlayne, a self-made millionaire, was so proud of the family name he laid down in his will that it must always be preserved.

However, a court ruled that Penelope can become Mrs MacDonald and still keep her home, Cranbury Park near Winchester.—United Press.

## 200 MILES FOR A SIKH BIBLE

Rotherham. Police today completed a 200-mile trip to get what was reported to be the only Sikh Bible in Britain to a witness can swear on it in a court case.

The case against two men charged with stealing clothes from Hari Singh Madhaur was adjourned for 24 hours last week when Madhaur told the judge he was a Sikh and could swear only on a Sikh Bible.

Police were sent 100 miles to Leicester to get one and bring it back in time for the court session.—United Press.

### Midnight call

Two days later Mr Barclay-Barr's office passed on a message asking him to ring West End Central police station to give "his version" of how the shilling was handed over.

Eight hours later the telephone called him from his bed at midnight for "a fuller report."

Two days later he received an official receipt from the police for "1s. 0d. (ONE SHILLING)" offered as a gratuity in the case of P.C.

Three weeks later he had a letter from the Assistant Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis:

"I am directed by the Commissioner to refer to your gift of shilling to say that, whilst appreciating the motive which prompted your offer, it would be contrary to service regulations to sanction its acceptance."

### 'My little gift'

Pinned to the letter was a Postal Order for 1s. 0d. (ONE SHILLING).

Said Mr Barclay-Barr last week: "It must have cost the police at least four times the value of my little gift to return it to me."

"I don't know how they found me—but I imagine the constable had a note of my car number and I was traced through that...."

## His Downfall Was An Antique Traction Engine

London. Some men go broke because they indulge in women, or horses, or both.

But 62-year-old dentist James Fitzgerald wound up in bankruptcy court for the love of an antique traction engine.

Douglas told the court he couldn't pay the total £400 storage rent for the engine which he bought in 1950, because he thought there was going to be another war and he wanted to preserve it.

He added, however, he now realizes his concern had been "a waste of time and money."—United Press.

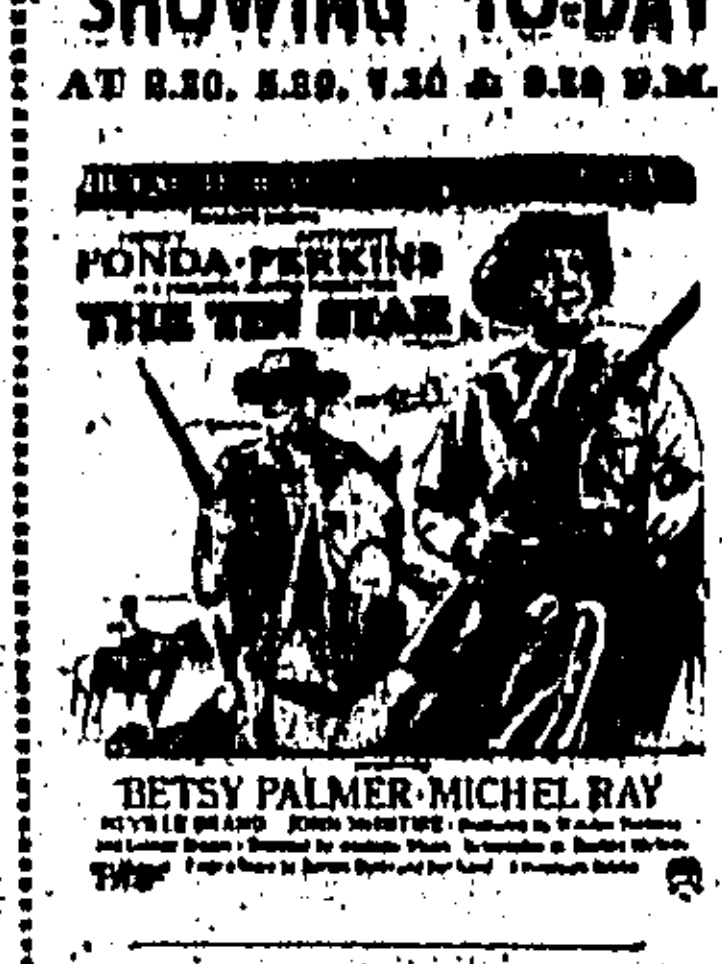
## CAPITOL CITY

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.



"NAKED CITY" starring Barry Fitzgerald, Howard Duff, Dorothy Hart. A Mark Hellinger Production.

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.



"BETSY PALMER-MICHEL RAY" starring Betsy Palmer, Michel Ray. A Mark Hellinger Production.

TO-MORROW MORNING ENJOY "LADY AND THE TRAMP"

TO-morrow Special Show At 12.30 p.m. "MONEY FROM HOME"

## KAISER RESTAURANT & COCKTAIL LOUNGE

Famous European, American, French, & Russian Cuisine, BREAKFAST, COFFEE, LUNCH, TEA AND DINNER. CONFECTIONS & CAKES With the grandest decoration and most comfortable accommodations. BUSINESS HOURS: 7 a.m. — 1 a.m. 21A-21B Granville Rd., Kowloon. Tel. 60335, 61613 (Corner of Carnarvon & Granville Roads).

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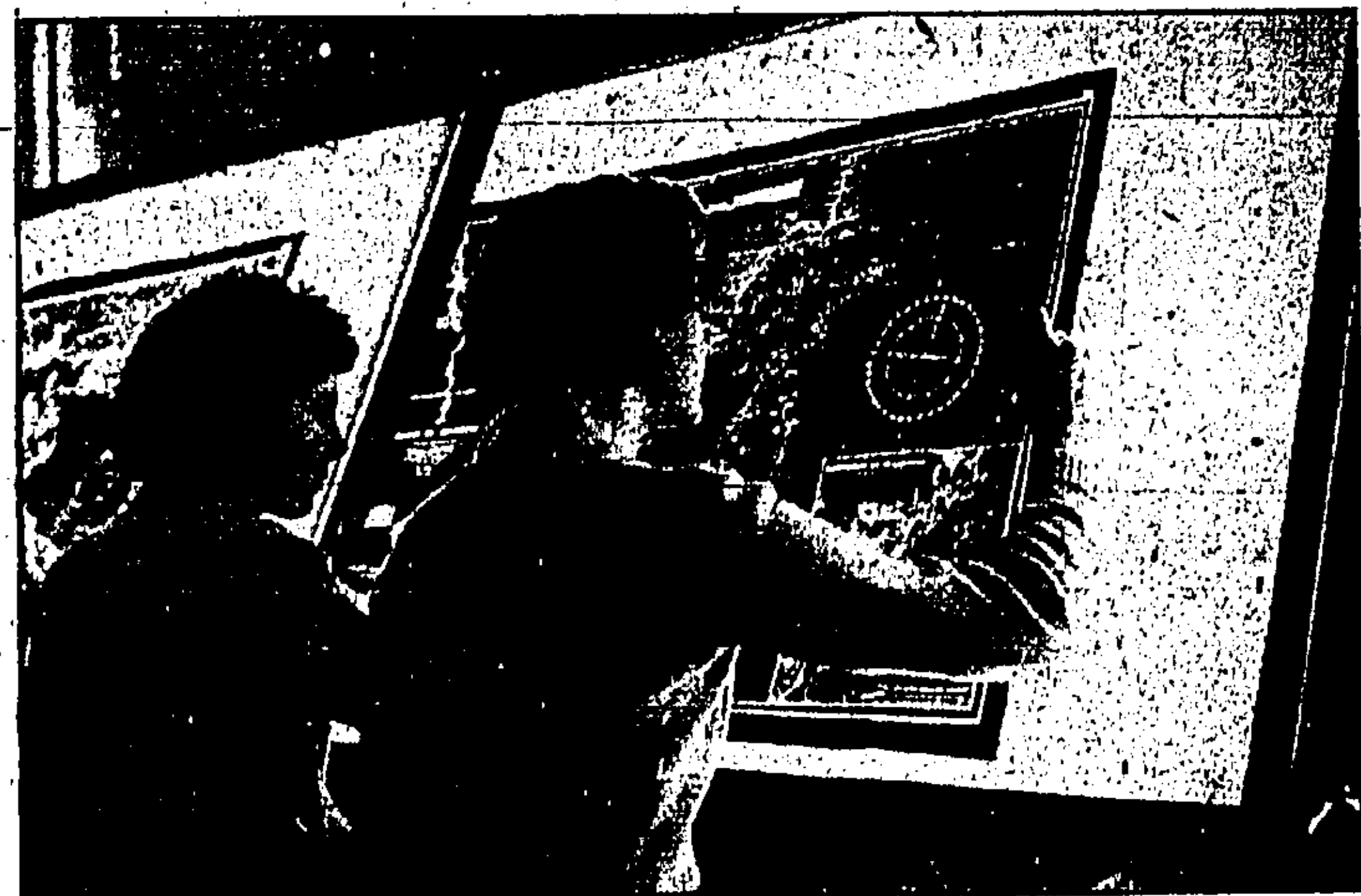
# HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



Stove and tartan rug were provided by the Highland Light Infantry when visited by Princess Margaret on her tour of troops in Germany. Express

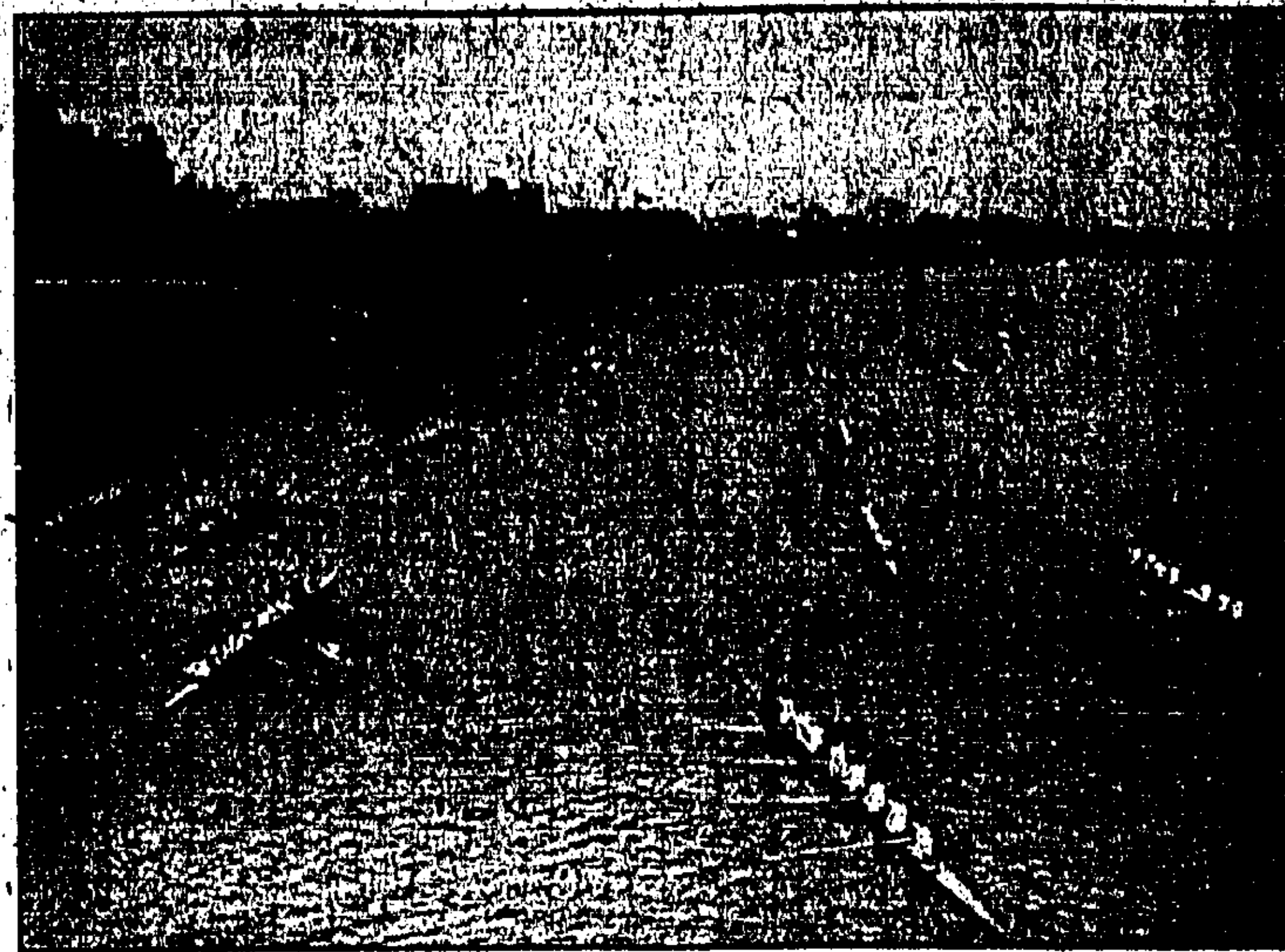


ABOVE: British miner and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tilley of Co Durham collect from Tommy Trinder world-record winnings on a football pool... £209,079 for a tuppenny bet. Express



Jean Wilson (15), Catherine Lyon (17) and Wendy Helliwell (15) have a cold walk before competing in the Surrey Hard Court Tennis Championships at Roehampton.

LEFT: Four days before Mrs. Shirley Howard (22) gave birth to her own baby she jumped into a Cardiff dock to save five-year-old Luigi Varas. Here's Luigi off to say "thank you." Express



Barn Cottage came "Head of the River" when a total of 290 rowing clubs along the Thames competed in the annual London race.

TOP LEFT: The Ubiquo Hunters' Steeplechase at Sandown Park.

RIGHT: Marquess of Londonderry (publicly spanked by his grandmother for criticising the Queen) gets engaged to last-of-the-Debs, Nicolette Harrison (17).

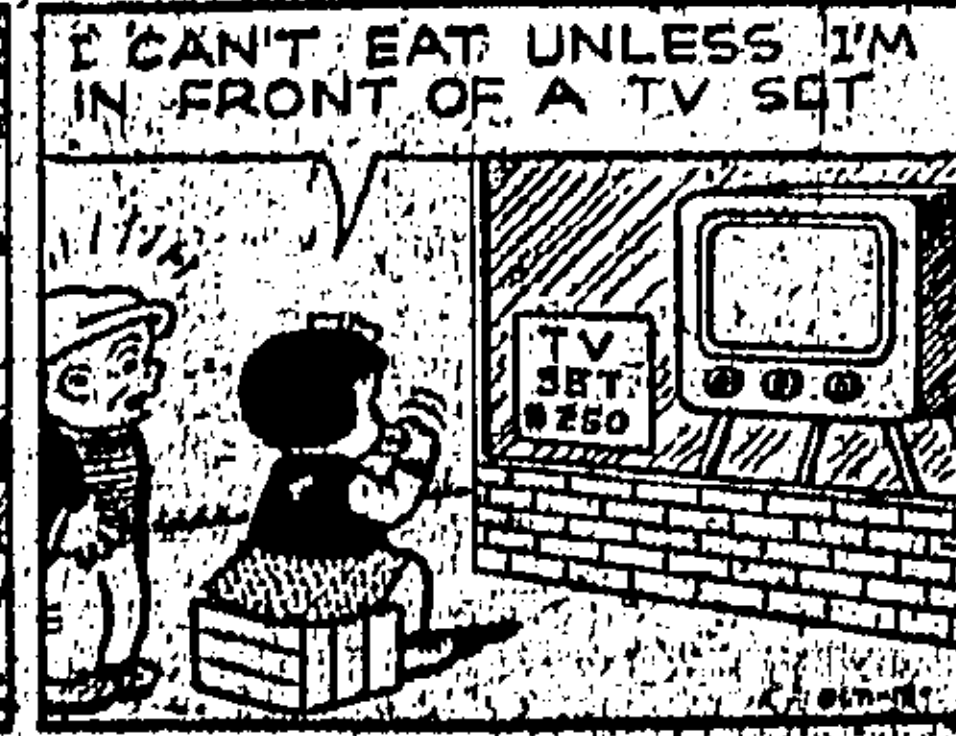
LEFT: One of the Duke of Bedford's prize-winning Jersey herd was guest at a London cocktail reception to plan the Dairy Festival in June.

BELOW: Some of the 12 British debutantes chosen by Paris fashion-designer Pierre Cardin for the annual Berkeley Dress Show. Express



## NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller





## ROUND-UP FROM RAGS TO RICHES:

## Imminent

New York.  
AMERICAN doctors are on the verge of two sensational discoveries that could provide vaccines against cancer and tuberculosis.

The "successful vaccine" against T.B. may be developed "within a few months," said Dr. Justin Andrews, an official of the United States Public Health Service.

He added: "Its sponsors are very enthusiastic about it and are very reliable people."

The vaccine, he told a Congressional Committee, was made from an extract obtained when T.B. germs were bathed in wood alcohol. It has yet to be tried on humans, but animal tests have yielded "most promising" results.

Dr. John H. Heller, director of the National Cancer Institute, said one of the "major breakthroughs" might produce a vaccine against cancer.

He said: "The year which has passed since I last appeared before this committee has been productive and rewarding. Progress is being made on so many fronts that most of us feel we may be nearing a number of major breakthroughs in our knowledge of these diseases we call cancer."

"The search for the relationship between viruses and cancer has all the elements of a good detective story."

He was particularly optimistic in telling of one experiment on animals in which for the first time malignant growths have been produced by a substance having virus-like qualities.

"If we were able to achieve similar results with materials extracted from human tumours and if this material should prove to be a virus—he will indeed have made a major breakthrough," he said.

"It should be thus established that certain forms of human cancer are viral in origin, it might then be possible to immunise man against the disease."

## Agitator

Lisbon.  
DR Salazar's most vocal but unseen critic, who aimed his "defamatory attacks" on the Portuguese Government through prison bars, was sentenced this week to another sixteen years in 1958.

Much-tried Henrique Galvao, 62, novelist, playwright, pamphleteer, and political prisoner, is the former Army captain, deputy and colonial administrator who was convicted of treason by a military court in March, 1935.

His sentence then for "plotting a revolutionary movement against the organisation of the State" was three years' hard labour and five years' suspension of civil rights.

Galvao carried on his opposition to the Salazar Government from behind prison bars.

Because of ill-health, he did not appear at any of the six secret hearings of the trial that ended this week. But under Portuguese law the verdict had to be delivered in public.

Dr. Abel Nunes, one of Galvao's three associates charged with distributing his subversive writings, was given three years' imprisonment.

## New Softies

Ottawa.  
TELEVISION is producing a new race of "North American softies—soft in the muscles and soft in the head."

Professor C. H. McCloy, leading United States physical educationist, told Ottawa reporters these television softies were in such dreadful physical shape that they were incapable of taking exercises only in bed.

Professor McCloy, one of the top planners of the physical fitness programme of the United States armed forces, reported that his University of Iowa office was preparing a set of personal "weight exercises" for the "chronically television fies" that could be done in bed.

Head of the Iowa State University Physical Education Faculty, Professor McCloy said television "has done more to damage hearts, livers, kidneys and stomachs than any hard work ever did."

"Television is dangerous to the physical and mental fitness of the race," he said.

North Americans under its stupefying influence had "gone to pot, not only physically but mentally."

He added: "A great many senior business men have retired intellectually in their leisure time under television's spell."

## FORTY TIMES A MILLIONAIRE

by John Cottrell

A SHORT, plump, vital woman of 75, with the face of a peasant sits in her New York penthouse looking at her latest acquisition, a rare and valuable painting.

She has a villa in the South of France, flats in Paris and Rio. The picture-gallery in her New York home alone houses over a million dollars worth of art.

Her name is Helena Rubinstein, and she owns all these treasure-houses because she has sold to women everywhere the precious secrets of everlasting youth.

Her life is dedicated to beauty. With the millions she makes selling transitory beauty in the shape of cosmetics, she buys permanent beauty in the form of pictures. Understandably the buying and the selling give her equal satisfaction.

Miss Rubinstein's vast cosmetic empire is believed to have netted her more than £40,000,000. Her cautious upbringing is probably responsible for the fact that most of it is invested in property, works of art and jewels. For these, as she says, are things you can see and handle—not just figures in a bank statement.

The Rubinstein fortune was founded on a jar of face-cream—a jar she took with her to Australia when she was sent there, at the age of 18, from her home in Cracow, Poland.

Helena had had an unhappy love affair—one she refuses to talk about even to this day—and her father sent her to stay with her Uncle Silberfeld, a farmer in Queensland. But life in the Australian outback was too boring, she was noticed everywhere she went because of her fine skin.

Among the dry, sun-scorched complexions of the women of Brisbane, Miss Rubinstein's fresh smooth skin stood out like a flower in the desert.

"How do you manage it?" asked her employer. "With a cream I got from my doctor at home," said the Pole modestly.

That cream was the starting point of a new career for the young governess, and it still figures, like a lucky talisman, in the vast list of Helena Rubinstein cosmetics today. She herself carries a jar of it with her wherever she goes.

"I would rather be without food than my own special cream," she says.

Asked by her Australian friends for some of her cream, the young Helena wrote home to Cracow for more supplies. The fame of the cream grew, and before long the girl from Poland had a small import business on her hands.

In 1902, she moved to Melbourne where she rented a room for 30s. a month, calling it her "laboratory".

Those were the days when make-up was considered sinful. But young Helena Rubinstein was not just selling cosmetics. She was applying science to making women more beautiful.

At one time her father had hoped she would become a doctor, but when she fainted at the sight of blood the idea was abandoned. Now her early medical training stood her in good stead. Because she advertised her products with the aid of scientific data, women flocked to buy them. They felt that at last someone was taking their problems seriously, and that science was coming to their

aid, to help them keep their youthful looks.

Helena still believes in the scientific approach to beauty, and spends all the time she can in her New York laboratories.

She dresses her products in plainer packs than those of her rivals.

"I attach more importance to what goes inside," says Helena pointedly.

Within four years of those first days in her one-room Melbourne laboratory, Helena Rubinstein was installed in her own beauty salon in London's Mayfair. Then she opened a branch in Paris, and in 1916 she invaded New York.

About the same time as Helena was selling beauty cream in Melbourne, Elizabeth Arden, her great rival, was founding her cosmetic empire in the U.S.A. Although both women have made a fortune out of beauty products they have never met—and if they did so, it is unlikely they would speak to one another.

For when the Arden and Rubinstein organisations were struggling for power, Elizabeth Arden divorced her husband, Thomas J. Lewis, who was also her star salesman. Lewis went to work for Helena Rubinstein instead, and Elizabeth Arden has never forgiven either of them.

Helena married twice. By her first husband, whom she divorced in 1937, she had two sons, one of whom followed his mother into the cosmetic industry. It is said that on her death the Rubinstein business will go to him.

Helena's second husband was a Russian aristocrat, Prince Atchil Gourileff Tchikounia, and it was with his help that she founded a prosperous subsidiary business. Tentatively they marketed a few skin tonics and lotions for male use. To their surprise, men clamoured for them, and by the time Prince Gourileff died in 1955, the small offshoot company had become a flourishing concern in its own right.

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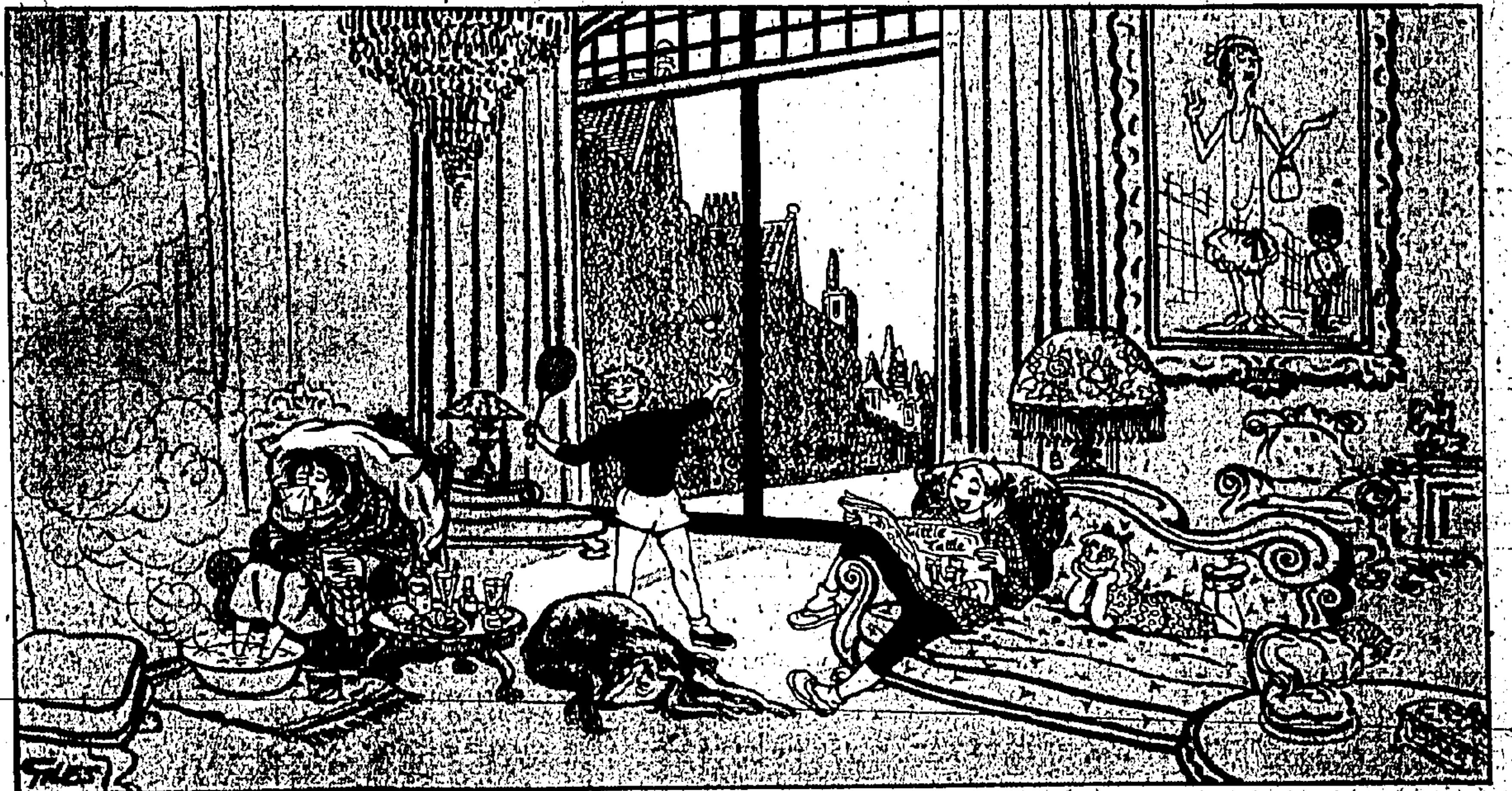
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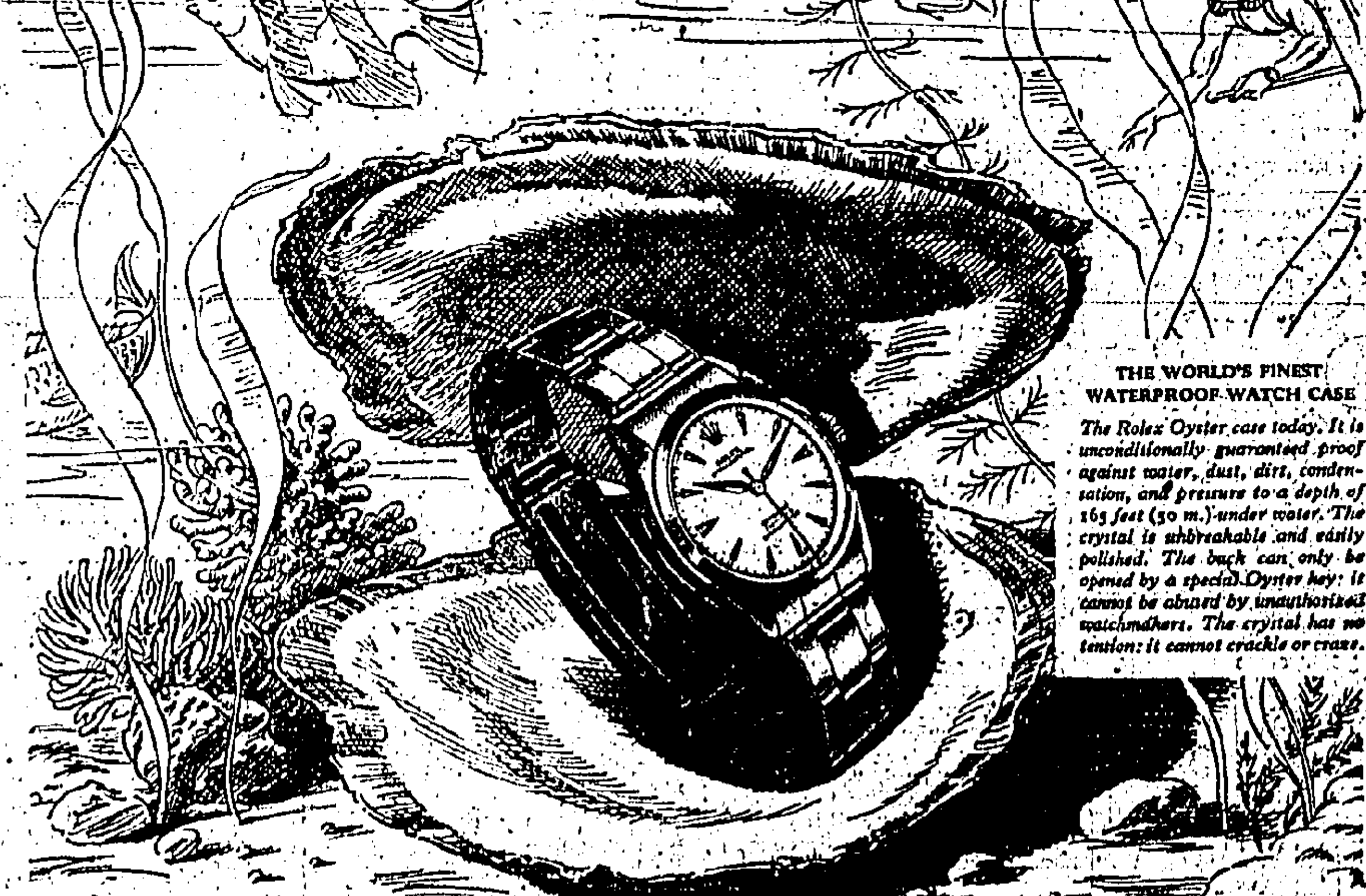
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Her fortune was founded on one jar of cream.



"Lady Penelope, eldest daughter of the Earl of Bonewit, was among the last of the Debs to be presented this week. Despite the bitter wind she wore her latest sleeveless, backless, daringest design from Paris....."

1926-1958  
For 32 years the best waterproof watch in the world



THE WORLD'S FINEST WATERPROOF WATCH CASE  
The Rolex Oyster case today. It is unconditionally guaranteed proof against water, dust, dirt, condensation, and pressure to a depth of 165 feet (50 m.) under water. The crystal is shatterproof and easily polished. The back can only be opened by a special Oyster key. It cannot be opened by unauthorized watchmakers. The crystal has no tension; it cannot crackle or break.

## Rolex celebrate the 32nd anniversary of the Oyster case

In 1926 Rolex invented the Oyster case, the world's first truly waterproof watch case. To the tide at the time it seemed a joke, a "gimmick" which did nothing to do with timekeeping. But Mr. Wilsdorf, the chairman of Rolex, and his colleagues at Rolex, knew that it was a revolution.

For the point of the waterproof watch is protection, not just against water, but against dust, sand, grit, and all other elements that can damage the movement and clog the vital oil.

The Oyster has come a long way since Mercedes Gleitze made world headlines in 1927 by swimming the English Channel with an Oyster on her wrist. Perhaps even Mr. Wilsdorf did not dream in 1927

Rolex would develop Oysters that can go down wherever man can go. Yet they have. Witness the fact that the Navies of three great nations use Rolex for special underwater activities.

Rolex have such unshakable confidence in the present Oyster case that they guarantee it unconditionally—against everything but brute force.

Very briefly, why Rolex Oyster is guaranteed proof against water, dust, dirt, powder, condensation, and pressure to a depth of 165 feet (50 m.) under water (except for the new, ultra-flat Oyster models, which are guaranteed to 200 m.). It provides complete protection for the fine and incredibly accurate movement it contains.

ROLEX

A landmark in the history of time measurement

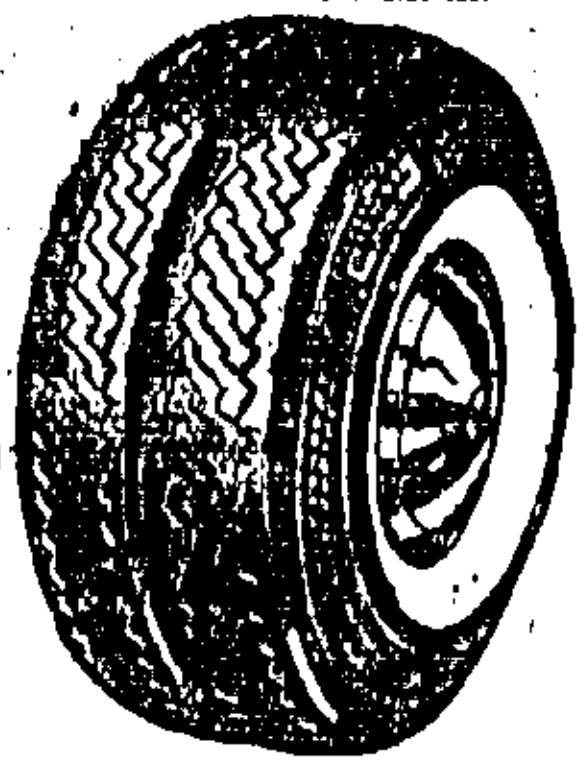




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can all be recorded quite easily  
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JOHN EPPLER  
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Concluding CAT AND MOUSE: The fantastic final twist  
to the undercover war of spy and counter-spy

# Rommel is fooled—by his own secret code

Rommel did not know that his spies in  
Cairo had been captured. Their secret radio  
was still on the air... with a British officer  
sending "planted" information in the crucial  
pre-Alamein days.

IT was the morning conference at Rommel's battle  
headquarters in the Western Desert, and what was  
on the schedule was a fateful decision.  
Outside the field-marshal's tent, hidden in wadis  
under camouflage nets, the soldiers of the Afrikakorps  
waited beside their tanks for the order to advance. It  
was to be the final attack this time—the attack that  
would sweep the Eighth Army out of Egypt and plant the  
Nazi flag on the Nile.

"The question to be  
decided," Rommel told his  
assembled generals, "is  
where we hit them—and  
when. How much time  
have we got before the Brit-  
ish are ready?"

### Hand shook

THERE was an interrup-  
tion as a junior officer  
came into the tent, gave the  
Nazi salute, and then went  
across to the general in  
charge of signals. He hand-  
ed over a message pad, his  
hand shaking with excite-  
ment.

Rommel looked across,  
testily. "What is it? Why  
are you disturbing us?" he  
asked, irritably.

In answer, the general  
handed across the message.  
He too looked tense and  
excited now. "I think you  
will agree that he was right  
to come in, Herr Feld-  
marschal," he said. "It is a  
message from Eppler."

Rommel took the message  
pad and began to read, and  
suddenly he began to smile.

"CONDOR CALLING. CON-  
DOR CALLING," the message  
began. "HAVE CONFIRMED  
MESSAGE FROM RELI-  
ABLEST SOURCE. EIGHTH  
ARMY PLAN MAKE FINAL  
STAND IN BATTLE FOR  
EGYPT AT ALAM HALFA.  
THEY ARE STILL AWAIT-  
ING REINFORCEMENTS AND  
NOT YET READY FOR MORE  
THAN MAKESHIFT DEFENCE  
FOLLOWING REINFORCE-  
MENTS. HAVE ARRIVED  
PORT SAID BUT WILL NOT  
BE MOVING DESERTWARDS  
FOR MONTH."

Then followed a list of newly  
arrived British and South  
African units.

Rommel slapped his thigh.  
"John Eppler again! Meine  
Herren, our spy in Cairo is the  
greatest hero of them all."

He turned to his staff officer,  
and now his face was alight.  
"We will attack in 48 hours  
time," he said, "and we will  
attack at Alam Halfa. I want  
leave me please, while I write  
my Order of the Day."

### Congratulations!

AS the generals, all of them  
afire now, marched from the  
tent, Rommel called out to the  
signals commander. "Send back  
my warmest congratulations to  
Eppler," he said, "and tell him  
I am recommending the Fuehrer  
to award him our highest de-  
coration for his skill, courage,  
and persistence."

It was a decoration John  
Eppler was never to receive.

For that message from Condor  
—which tricked Rommel into  
attacking us at Alam Halfa,  
when our real line of defence  
was at Alamein—was sent not  
by Eppler but by the British.

Eppler himself was in a prison  
cell at the interrogation centre,  
at Meadi, near Cairo. His com-  
rade, Monkster, was recovering  
from a suicide attempt in the  
prison hospital.

And a British signals officer,  
keeping Eppler's rendezvous  
with the Abwehr listening post  
in Athens, using Eppler's radio  
and Eppler's code, was begin-  
ning the game of Cat and Mouse  
that was to become the most  
famous and vital part in winning  
for Britain the all-important  
Battle of Alamein.

by  
**LEONARD  
MOSLEY**

But we got the code only just  
in time.

At 20 minutes before mid-  
night, when the Nazi listen-  
ing post was due to make con-  
tact with the spy, we still did  
not know the secret of it.

At his house in Cairo's  
Garden City, the civilian  
counter-espionage agent, Robby,  
was still wrestling with his copy  
of Daphne du Maurier's novel,  
Rebecca, which Eppler had  
been using as his code manual.

In the European goal in Cairo,  
interrogating officers were  
taking the dancer, Helmut  
Fathmy, over her testimony  
again and again, probing for  
the vital clue.

In the military goal of the  
Egyptian Army more officers  
were grilling Lieutenant Sadat,  
the young Egyptian Army officer  
(now a member of Nasser's  
Cabinet) who had been work-  
ing with the spies.

On Eppler himself the screws  
were being tightly turned to  
make him talk—and make him  
talk quickly.

And, just in time, we got the  
code and put the first message  
over. The Germans were hook-  
ed. Now we could start the game  
of tricking them.

### Who talked?

WHICH of the captives—  
Eppler, Monkster, Fathmy,  
or Sadat—had talked?

Now no one, I am sure, is  
naïve enough to believe that a  
spy gets gentle treatment when  
he is caught. He may be a hero  
to his own country, but to the  
enemy he is beyond the law.

In my experience no German  
spy was caught was ever phys-  
ically tortured. But Eppler's  
activities had put the British  
Army in Egypt in mortal danger  
at a critical moment in the war.

For such a spy there was only  
one end—death before a firing  
squad. But first, before we shot  
him, we wanted to reap for  
ourselves some dividends from  
the undercover work in which  
he had been engaged.

Eppler said that only once  
was violence used upon him,  
when a burly sergeant beat him  
up and broke his nose. (His nose  
is certainly broken.) Other-  
wise, the methods we used were  
more subtle.

We alternated the treatment.  
He would be roughly questioned  
for hours on end, left without  
food or drink; and then the  
brutal officer would go out and  
another would enter, all smiles.

"Don't take any notice of that  
chap," the officer would say.  
"He's a bit screwy. His mother  
got killed by one of your bombs.  
Have a cigarette, old boy, and  
how about a cup of tea?"

And after he had been cap-  
tured he had to go through  
what must have been for him  
the most terrifying experience  
of all. He was taken to the  
prison hospital and told to roll  
up his sleeve. The doctor took  
up a syringe.

"I've always wanted an op-  
portunity to experiment with  
these drugs on human beings,"  
he said. "So far I've had only  
animals to try them on."

At which he moved in, while  
the doctor held Eppler, to make  
the injection.



"Leave him alone," said the officer, "we're not the Gestapo..."

According to Eppler him-  
self, he actually was dragged  
on this occasion and questioned  
about himself, his work, his  
code, his contacts. But my in-  
formation is that the syringe  
never went in.

For at that moment the door  
of the operating room burst  
open and a couple of British  
officers came in. "Leave him  
alone, you swine," they said to  
the doctor. "What do you think  
this is—the Gestapo?"

And loosening Eppler they led  
him back to his cell, apologiz-  
ing for the man's behaviour.  
Eppler, not quite knowing what  
to believe, hungry and dis-  
traught, believed it all genuine.

"How could they be so nice  
when the other was such a  
beast?" he said. "He acted  
just like the Gestapo."

Did this manœuvre but neces-  
sary game of bluff succeed?  
Sadat insists that it was  
Eppler who gave the whole  
thing away.

"The British interrogated the  
Germans for 24 hours," he says,  
"but they refused to talk. It  
happened that Winston Church-  
ill was passing through Cairo  
at this time, and he said  
he would like to interrogate the  
spies himself. Brought before  
Churchill, the spies, at first  
persisted in their silence, but  
when the Prime Minister  
promised that their lives would  
be spared, they talked."

And Sadat added scornfully:  
"It was not even the British

themselves who had captured  
them, but they had been betray-  
ed by two unlikable Jewesses.  
These ladies of doubtful virtue  
had been promised £200 for  
their services. What matter if  
they got it from the young Nazis  
or from the British Intelligence  
Service?"

But the ways of Military  
Intelligence are mysterious and  
devious, and just how we  
cracked the Eppler code and  
went into business with the  
Nazis is the only secret of this  
story which I am pledged not to  
tell. You must make your own  
guess about it. I can only say  
that, thanks to persistence,  
ingenuity, and dedicated skill,  
we got it in the end.

"CONDOR CALLING, CON-  
DOR CALLING," a British  
signals officer tapped out. "I  
HAVE INFORMATION FOR  
YOU."

"CALLING CONDOR, CALL-  
ING CONDOR," replied Athens.  
"WE ARE LISTENING."

### Detailed, false

AND the Nazi listening post  
in Athens tuned in and  
listened.

(\* It was, in fact, the com-  
bined activities of British  
counter-espionage and one  
Jewess, Yvette, who helped to  
break down the spies. And  
Yvette was a Jewish agent. For  
the £200 the British gave her  
for her services they got an  
official receipt—from the Relief  
Fund for Jewish Immigrants in  
Palestine.)

listened in to our copious,  
startling, detailed, and comple-  
te by false information about what  
the Eighth Army was planning  
to do in the battle for Africa.  
They went on thinking that it  
came from their hero-spy, John  
Eppler. And Field-Marshal  
Rommel never did discover that  
the German whom he thought  
to be the bravest of them all  
was in reality—though against  
his will—helping us.

He died believing that John  
Eppler was not only the greatest  
—which he was—but also the  
most successful spy of them all,  
which he was not.

And that, though not the end  
of his life, is really the end of  
the story of John Eppler. Of  
all the German spies captured  
during the war, he and  
Monkster were the only two  
not to be executed.

Monkster recovered from his  
wounds and, was like Eppler,  
sent back to Germany. His com-  
rade, Sadat, was sent to live in  
Dar-es-Salaam in East  
Africa.

Sadat escaped from prison  
camp, rose to be Minister in  
Nasser's Cabinet, and had the  
satisfaction of turning the  
tables on Major Alfred Sansom,  
the counter-espionage agent  
who arrested him and Eppler,  
by arresting Sansom when  
Nasser came into power.

The lovely Helmut Fathmy  
was released after a year in gaol  
and now, lives in Cairo, too  
plump, I am afraid, to intoxicate  
the senses with the rhythmic  
sway of her once-supple body.

What does Eppler do now?  
He drives around Germany  
and France in fast cars, his  
favourite hobby. He occasion-  
ally acts, in Paris, a British officer  
named Cecil who was one of his  
chief interrogators. He has a  
pretty wife, a champion golden  
spaniel named Klaus, and a  
house in the Saar.

He seems to show few scars  
from his experiences. He is as  
devil-may-care as ever, with a  
book business to occupy his time,  
and money to spend. And why  
shouldn't he be cheerful?

"I survived," he says. He did  
indeed. He also hoped to win  
the war... though he will  
never know how much.

But there is, to this drama,  
which did so much to turn the  
tide against the Nazis in the war  
in Africa, one tragic footnote.

Just before Rommel planned  
to make his attack at Alam  
Halfa, forward Nazi posts in the  
desert sighted a British scout  
car picking its way across No  
Man's Land.

They grinned because the  
scout car was going slap on to  
one of their minefields. "The  
British fool will blow himself  
up if he continues on that  
course," they said gleefully.

Which, a few minutes later, is  
exactly what the scout car did.  
And as darkness fell, the Nazis  
sent out a patrol to examine the  
car. Inside they found the  
shattered, dead body of a British  
scout. Besides him was an  
operational map, torn but leg-  
ible.

### Regretted it

THAT map went straight to  
Rommel's headquarters and  
the Germans put much reliance  
upon it later—for it was mark-  
ed TOP SECRET and showed secret  
paths through to the British  
lines.

Rommel decided to use those  
paths himself. He regretted it  
later, for the paths took him  
into some of the softest desert  
sand in the region. The map  
was false, deliberately planted  
on them.

And the man who died in  
delivering it? You will remem-  
ber that, a few weeks before,  
a certain Major "Smith" had  
stayed the night with Helmut  
Fathmy—though he was sup-  
posed to be on his way to the  
Western Desert with secret  
documents.

Helmut Fathmy had turned  
those documents over to Eppler  
—and only his capture by  
Major Sansom had prevented  
him from passing them on to  
Rommel.

Well, when the Germans sent  
through the papers of the dead  
officer in the scout car, they  
found his name—

It was the same Major  
"Smith."

He had found one way of  
evening up the score.

### THE END

This series has been adapted  
from "The Cat and the Mouse," to  
be published by Arthur Barker.

JAK'S  
SATURDAY  
ROUNDOABOUT



"As I see it — a vista of  
lawn sweeping away to a  
delicate Japanese rockery,  
set off by massed  
chrysanthemums."



"It's good to be out in the  
fresh air on a day like this."



"These DAMN TOOTS!"



"Well, you're enjoying  
yourself, why shouldn't I?"



"Put an ad' in the paper—  
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gardener'."

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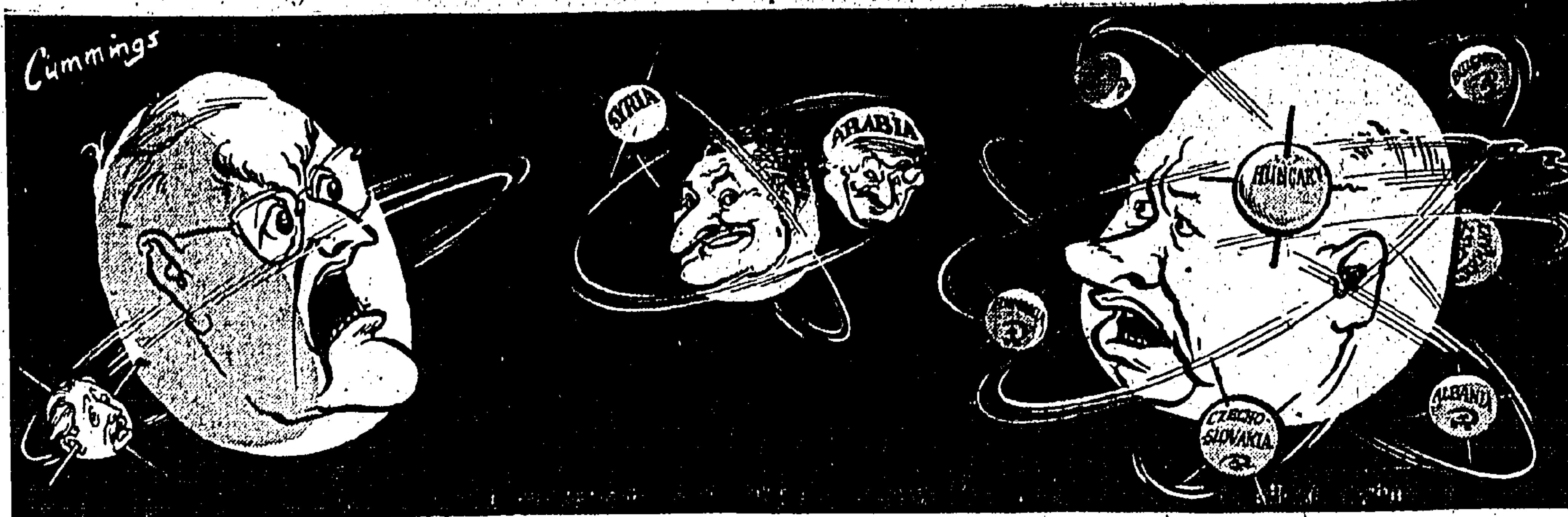
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"Ouch—but Nasser was supposed to satellite round me..."



A survivor of the Titanic disaster, Commander J.G. Boxhall, who was fourth officer on board the Titanic the night it sank. He is seen here advising Kenneth More who is taking part in the Rank film now being made of the Titanic.

Courtesy J. Arthur Rank.

At this very moment, forty-six years ago, the Titanic was speeding across the Atlantic to keep a rendezvous with death. At the same moment, an iceberg which had been lurking off the coast of Newfoundland, began to move South.

On Sunday evening, the fourteenth of April, the iceberg had pinpointed its position with mathematical accuracy, and waited for the unsinkable Titanic to take up the challenge.

At the eleventh second of the eleventh minute of the eleventh hour, the Titanic refused the head-on encounter, and swung to port. She seemed to have avoided combat, but from under the black oily sea, the iceberg reached a fang, sharpened by centuries of icy fury.

The iceberg ripped the ship's belly open, and left her naked to the sea. For three hours, the Titanic lay mortally wounded, then, with a gasp of despair, she plunged to the bottom of the Atlantic where she will lie until the sea gives up its dead.

## Palace

The Titanic, built at Belfast at the shipyard of Harland and Wolff, was the arrogant symbol of a materialistic age that would endure forever. Everywhere was man triumphant. During the past century he had removed mountains, changed the course of rivers, spanned whole continents with his railways, and driven back the sea from his lands.

The heavens were black with the smoke of his chimneys as his factories spewed out wealth that would never cease. Nature had at last bent her knee and surrendered to man who had enslaved her. Even the skies experienced the humiliation of man's arrogant encounter, for he hurled his machines and rode the fleecy clouds with ever increasing confidence.

So came the unsinkable ship. The arrogant aristocrats of the new wealth were unwilling to

surrender the luxury of land for even the five days it took to cross the Atlantic.

Luxury never known before went down to the sea, and rode with the haughty might of Nineveh and Babylon. Padded drawing-rooms, heavy substantial furniture, luxurious carpets, a very palace afloat.

She was 882.5 feet long; 93 feet wide; 175 feet from the keel to the top of her four funnels.

The Titanic had three screws, and two sets of reciprocating engines, each driving a wing propeller, and a turbine engine drove the centre blades. This represented 55,000 horsepower, and a speed of 25 knots. The most remarkable feature of the ship was its sixteen watertight compartments. Even if the Titanic was injured, she could float with two compartments flooded.

All the world regarded her with wonder, they said of the Titanic that not even God could sink her.

The Titanic's First-Class passenger list reads like a universal Who's Who. J. Bruce Ismay, President of the White Star Line; The Astors; the Stausigs; Mr W. T. Stead; the Countess of Rothes.

## Sunday

It was Sunday evening, and most passengers, as the Lady Cosmo Duff Gordon had gone to bed, but a few lingered on in the Cafe Parisien, or told stories in the magnificent bars, while stern remote barmen mixed drinks, and smiled deferentially when brought into the joke.

We know that J. Bruce Ismay was on the ship. He was President of the White Star Line. The White Star Line badly needed the Blue Ribbon for the fastest Atlantic crossing. Did such an experienced commander as Captain Smith allow himself to be overruled by a land lubber?

We know that First Officer Murdoch, an ambitious man,

# TITANIC

prey to the ice sea fury  
symbol of a conquering age  
ANTHONY FULLER

The actual encounter with the iceberg seemed very slight. Scarcely any were aware of it. A slight jar at the most. No one took any notice. An inspection revealed that the ship was ripped through watertight compartment after compartment. Nothing could save her.

It was the very mystic nature of the Titanic's death that captured public imagination. One colossal iceberg with a treacherous underwater fang had placed herself in the exact spot where she could murder the ship.

The following Sunday, memorial services were held in churches all over the world. Newspapers were published with heavy black borders like old fashioned memorial cards.

was on the bridge at the moment of collision with the iceberg. There is rumour that during a scene between Ismay and Captain Smith on the question of the Titanic altering course, the ambitious Murdoch sided with Ismay against Smith. We shall never know, for certain, for although Ismay was rescued, he never spoke of the disaster. Captain Smith and Murdoch went down with the ship. That Ismay did interfere in the ship's affairs is without doubt, and perhaps the bravest words spoken to him were by a junior officer who told him to "get to hell out of it," when Ismay tried to give instructions about launching a life boat.

## S.O.S.

Once the ship was doomed, everything went wrong. All that Sunday, the wireless operators had been busy sending frivolous messages for the passengers who wanted to play with the new fangled thing.

Just after midnight, the operators were told to tap out the letters, CQD, the international distress call of that time.

A few miles away, the wireless operator on the Californian had taken off his carphones. He had sent the Titanic an ice warning, now he was tired, so he went to bed. The Californian could have picked up the passengers from the Titanic, but the Californian's wireless officer was tired, so he never heard the Titanic's CQD, nor the later SOS.

About half-past-twelve, early Monday morning, the Carpathia received the SOS, and turned back to aid the Titanic. The Carpathia was sixty miles away.

A new call-sign had been decided upon just before the Titanic sailed. The call was the SOS. This call was sent out. On the horizon could be seen the lights of another ship. It was the Californian. It was the Titanic's only hope.

An hour and a half before she foundered, the Titanic sent up a burst of rockets. They were seen by members of the Californian's crew. They wondered what next this super monster of the deep would do. Did the passengers of the Titanic never sleep? Fancy firing rockets at one o'clock in the morning!

So, while the Carpathia raced through the night, and the Californian plumed a few miles away, the unsinkable Titanic began to go down. At first, there was no panic. Everyone on board knew they travelled on the unsinkable ship, but as the water began to creep across the decks, the order to get into the boats was obeyed.

There were insufficient boats. Only about one-third of the passengers could be accommodated, and not all of them had gone, having more faith in the claims made for the ship than the evidence around them. Just after 11 p.m., it was at last apparent, to all on the ship, that they would sink. The thought of survival in that ink black sea was out of the question. In

the distance, the iceberg glowered and skulked in the gloom, watching her victim, and waiting to wander off in the dawn so that she was never really identified.

As the water washed the deck, the passengers clustered together. Up till now they had been listening to the band, while some had been praying, others murmuring—but in the main, hope triumphed over despair.

Then, as light after light went out, and they were left to the mercy of the icebound sea, the bandmaster tapped his baton on this music stand.

The band ceased playing its cheery jazz numbers and broke into the hymn tune, "Autumn," not "Nearer My God To Thee," as popular legend has it.

"The band was playing as the ship went down. 'Nearer my God To Thee.' 'They came to save their lives, 'Over the ice-bound sea.'"

I quote the lines from memory, for I heard them sung at a performance of the first Titanic film at a London cinema.

The world refused to believe that the ship had sunk. The first newspaper reports gave it that there had been a mishap, but all the passengers were saved. Then, as the full extent of the disaster became known, the whole world stopped work and wondered, and prayed.

I am told by people who remember the event that it marked the end of an era of security and an over-confident belief in material progress. From then on, disaster after disaster overwhelmed the age. Two years later began the universal slaughter that men call the first World War.

The writer would like to express his thanks to Mr George Rearden of the Rank Organisation, and the research department of J. Arthur Rank, who supplied him with the data and pictures for this article. J. Arthur Rank's art making a film of the Titanic, the biggest studio, based on Mr Walter Lord's fact-finding book, "A Night To Remember."



THIS is the G



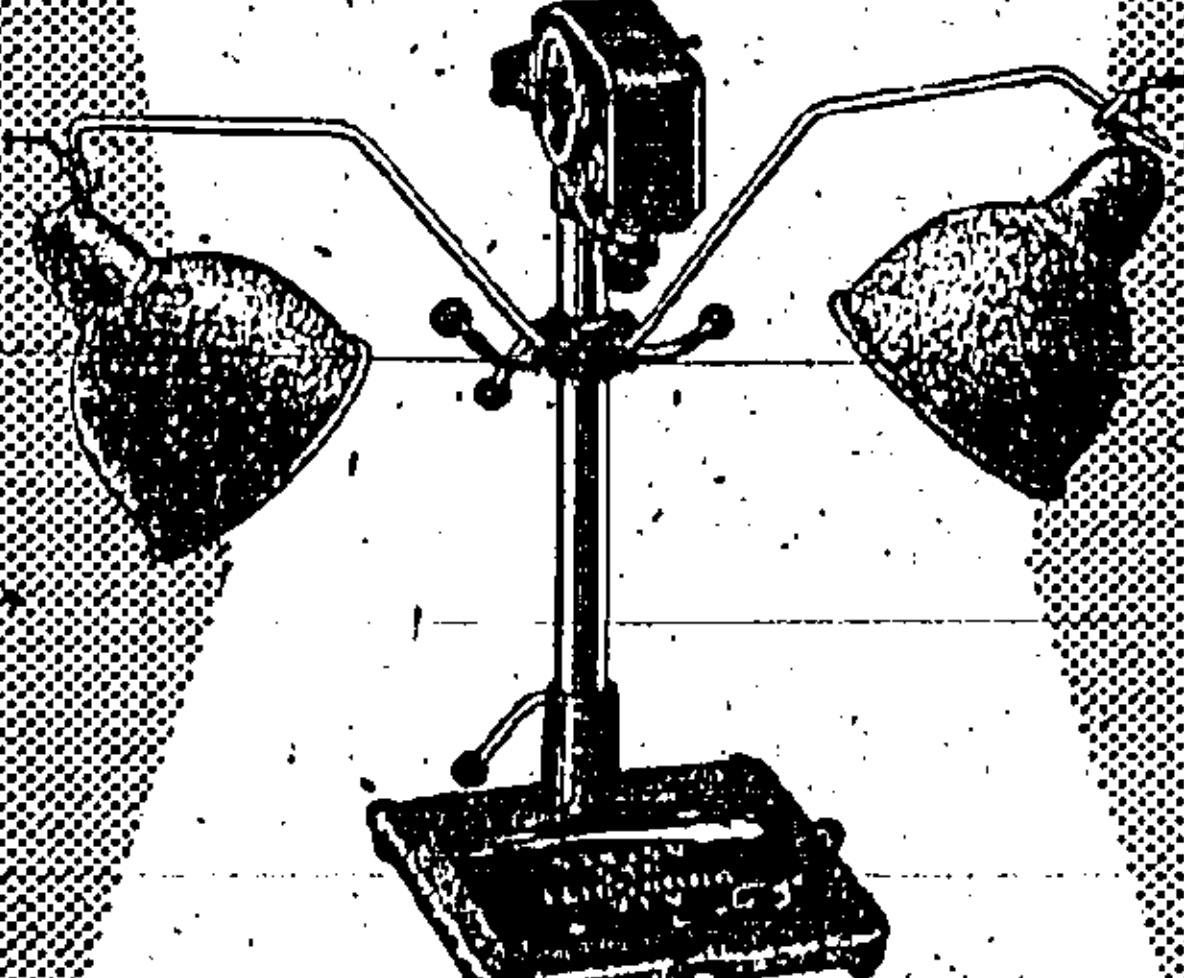
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# LAST DAYS OF SHANGHAI

By JOHN LUFF

I AM looking at my Exit Permit now. It is an unimpressive document, just a bit of paper folded down the middle and over-printed with some Chinese characters which themselves ask no little about me. My name, my age, and my passport number, and one other, my sex. Inside is a photograph of my somewhat younger self, specially taken for the occasion. I am smiling. By the time I had visited the various offices to obtain this Exit Permit, they had wiped that smile right off my face.

There are twelve chops on the document, which means to say I had to pay twelve separate visits to twelve separate authorities in connection with this one document. Add to that number the visits to the Health Authorities, travel agents, and all the usual business connected with a considerable journey, and you will have some idea of what getting out of China meant. Never could a scrap of paper have been so hard to obtain.

From beginning to end, not one word of English was spoken. The men we saw could speak English all right, but they would not. Fair enough, Chinese is the language of China, but the person who had lived there so long, and could not make himself understood was to say the least, made to feel uncomfortable. The drill was to take along your servant, a mental who was, nevertheless, something of a linguist. I got my form, and the only bit of English writing on it is opposite the characters I was to enclose "Foreign name."

## Rea

So in April, 1950, I set out for the town in pursuit of this Exit Permit. Application was fairly easy. I was asked why I wanted to leave China, and gave the excuse we were all giving, no work. I was then given certain forms to fill up which gave a fairly detailed report of the length of time I had been in China, and all that I had done there. These forms had to be returned to the Exit Permit Authorities with the chop of a guarantor. This latter presented no difficulty, for one of the longest British consulates in Shanghai were prepared to state that John Luff was a good citizen, so thus sponsored, I returned my forms to the Chinese Exit Permit Authorities. In turn, they quickly returned them, and told me my sponsor

guaranteed as a guarantor. So I went to see him. I explained my difficulty, and he was immediately anxious to comply with my wishes, but we both doubted whether such a simple circumstance as he would be considered of sufficient importance to act as a guarantor to a foreigner. However, he took the form, and without hesitation fixed his chop, and I retraced it to the Authorities.

## Tape

I told him my business and showed him the form, and even pointed out the place upon which he should set his seal as my guarantor. He took one long look, then shook his head, and addressed me thus: "Mr. Luff, if while you are here, you need money, I will give you money. Should you need food, I will give you food. But sign that document, never."

Now I was really in trouble! I had nightmares of seeing myself grow old in a strange land, an involuntary exile. Then occurred one of those occasional flashes of common sense which tell you that whatever happens, no matter how disillusioned you become, you can look back and say, "There was someone."

Across the road at the bottom of Hsiao Avenue, there was a small Horticulturalist. I spent very little money in his shop, but had given him, in my time, about two small orders for plants for the school, and now and again, would buy myself a plant or two for the house.

The funny part about it is I never knew his name, but somehow we became friends in a casual sort of way. Sometimes I would drift into his shop, and we would talk about flowers, and flower arrangement. He loved his art, and although he was not a wealthy man, he would often give me some flowers to take home after I had made my purchase. He was the only Chinese I knew who approximated to anything the Exit Permit people re-

quired as a guarantor. So I went to see him. I explained my difficulty, and he was immediately anxious to comply with my wishes, but we both doubted whether such a simple circumstance as he would be considered of sufficient importance to act as a guarantor to a foreigner. However, he took the form, and without hesitation fixed his chop, and I retraced it to the Authorities.

I was taking out of Shanghai. What a job! "Collar studs, (man's) one." I paid off my servant the customary money of some months' salary, plus a little, and gave him all the things I was unable to take away, which I think were of some value to him during his months ahead.

So came the last evening of my last night in Shanghai. All day people had been calling to say goodbye. I spent the day looking over the school which I had come to love, and had hoped to add my part to its considerable reputation. So, terribly and I made my final farewells, and a friend drove me to the station. There, a little company of children had gathered to say goodbye. So it all added up to this. To leave, an object of foreigner, subject to harsh dealing, yet richer for a glimpse of a great people about to come into their own again.

I wished I could tell them I wished them well, and that there were millions of Englishmen like me, who watched China taking her place in the community of great nations, with pride.

But the bureaucrat knows nothing of that. His breed is international, his blood so much tepid ink, his imagination no greater than a rubber stamp. Yet we, the people, have rendered all power into his hands. I could not say this to anyone for whoever found a bureaucrat with loyalty to anything but his office stool?

My wife had prepared a cold chicken for our supper, and we were able to get boiling water on the train to add to our coffee essence.

## Rea

We had a first class coach to ourselves. It was scrupulously clean, on the split second in the time-table. The attendants were efficiently remote, but courteous and helpful at all times.

Food was brought to the spacious carriage which had a kind of lot-down table in the centre. We ate them and eggs for the most part, and they were cooked very appetitously, and served on spotless plates.

There was only one unencyclopedia incident on the journey. In order that we had hot drinks from time to time, we used to ask the attendant for hot water. One time he was gone for quite a long time, and on that



Jardine's adopted me while in Tientsin. This is an old photograph of their riverside premises in Tientsin. Why didn't I take one? I ask you!

occasion, unless I am much mistaken, the vacuum flask was taken to pieces, and inspected. The reason? Well, people were smuggling US dollars out of China, and concealing them in such innocent objects as vacuum flasks. The Chinese made it tough for them when they were caught, but their dishonesty made it tough for us all when we came to get out. So after a journey of two nights and a day, through all the wonderful country of North China, we arrived at Tientsin at about five o'clock in the morning.

That is not a good time to be in Tientsin. Still, more than

money. They showed a great interest in some War Savings Certificates we had bought in England during the War, and asked many questions about them. We were also allowed to retain a big head Chinese Silver dollar as a curio.

These latter visits were spread over the days we spent in Tientsin. It was a fascinating place at that time. Everyone leaving China gathered there. Every nationality under the sun found a home of some kind there during much time Tientsin was the only departure port.

White Russians from Harbin, poverty stricken, homeless, the flotsam and jetsam of revolution, counter-revolution, and again revolution; the wandering Jew of the twentieth century, nowhere could they find peace.

There were Germans from Tsingtao, strange mystic raceless beings from Peking who long ago had lost their identity in that mysterious City. Exiles from Imperial Austria, Germany, and Russia, they seemed the Rip Van Winkle's of a strange awakening, and preened themselves in an ancient manner, as if to throw off the drowsy enchantment of a life lost in Chinese life, and once again to hail William II, Francis Joseph, and Nicholas II, when the wanderers were home again. And into this maelstrom of international anarchy, Shanghai emptied its own exotic personnel.

So, through the days I walked the streets of Tientsin, white face, red face, brown face, black face, passed to and fro. Blue eyes stared coldly, brown eyes glowed hotly, black eyes narrowed curiously, and each and every one seemed to demand an explanation of it all.

Hungry faces, fat faces, bearded faces met in restaurants and drank strange German beers, whose trade marks reminded me of ancient castles long passed away, and of the Lorelei still singing on a rock in a never-existent Rhine.

But that, and how we left, should make a tale for next Saturday.

NEXT WEEK:

OUTWARD BOUND

# Trek To Tientsin

## SHOW BUSINESS

Roderick Mann

## Rossano Brazzi's Lament: I'm Hated In Italy...

ROSSANO BRAZZI was sitting in the Savoy with the look of a man for whom the tumbrel had just been summoned. He made room for me and I asked him the cause of his sadness. After all, wasn't he getting £20,000 a picture and regular meals?

"I will tell you," said Brazzi. "The truth is that, though I am popular elsewhere, the Italians hate me. I have just made a film of South Pacific. Still they hate me. Why should this be?"

"You tell me," I said, entering into the spirit of the thing. "I made a success outside Italy," said Brazzi. "This, they cannot forgive. It is the same with Sophia Loren. They hate her too. If we had both stayed home and starved to death they would have loved us. But to make money in Hollywood—that was unforgivable."

He sat there, with his grey suit and matching hair, looking disconsolate.

A LONG, LONG SIGH  
"Do you know," said Brazzi, "I must have brought millions in tourism to Italy—through Summer Madness and Three Coins in a Fountain. Guides no longer say: 'That's the monument by Bernini.' They say: 'That's where Brazzi kissed Hepburn.'"

He sighed. A long, sad, back-of-the-shills sigh.  
"What about Lollobrigida?" I said.  
"Ah," said Brazzi. "What about her?"  
"You misunderstand," I said. "I mean—is she also classified amongst the damned?"  
"No," said Brazzi. "She's all right. You see, she stays in Italy."

"What do you think of her?"  
"I don't know," said Brazzi. "I don't know."



SINATRA, BRAZZI Title contenders.

"Well," said Brazzi. "I can only tell you I took David Lean to the premiere in New York and he said it was the best thing I had done."

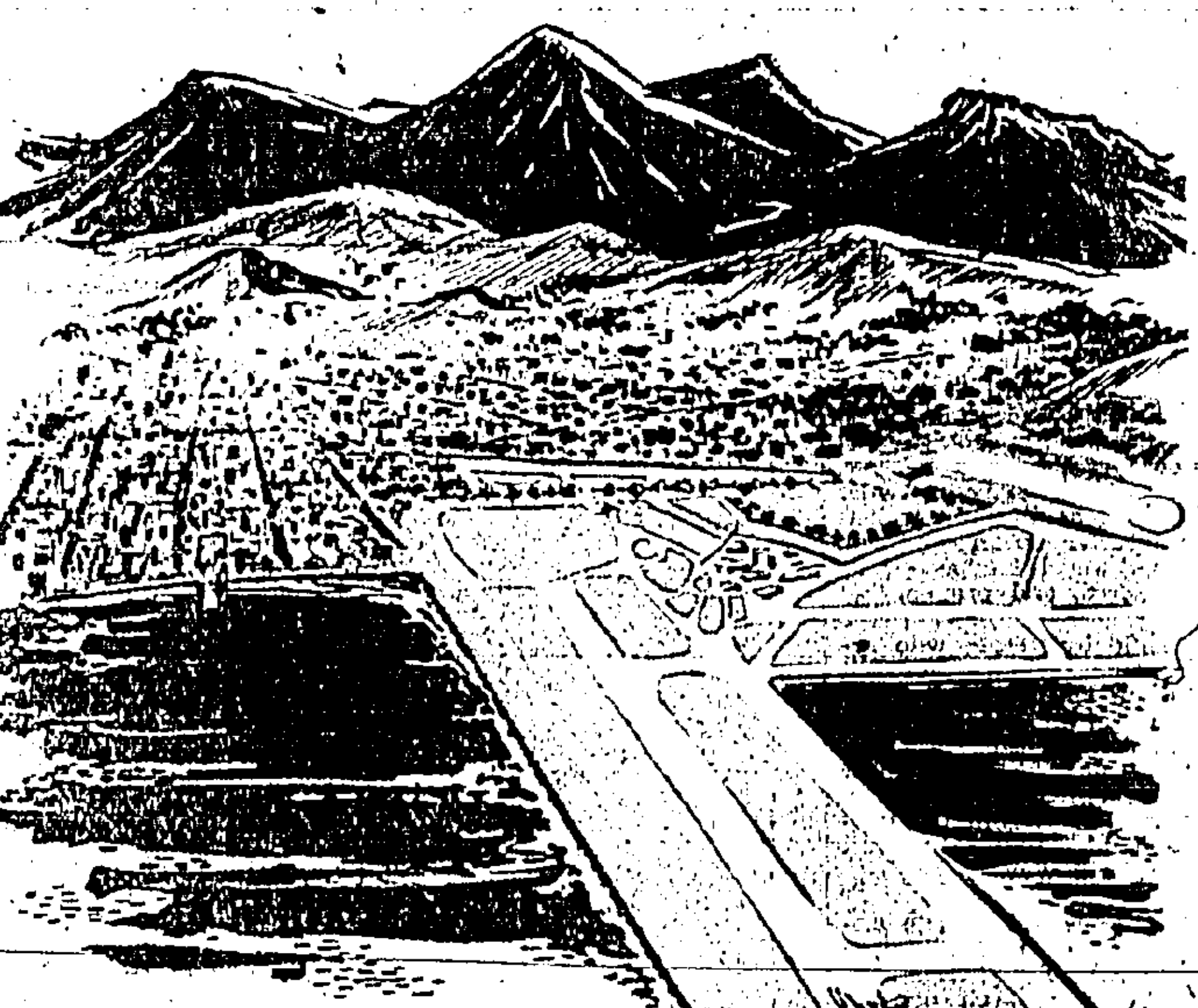
"I'm glad about that," I said. "Because you've made some stinkers since last we met."

He looked disconsolate again. "Yes," he said, "there was Interlude, with that awful girl June Allyson—how can Dick Powell stand her?—and Legend of the Lost, with Loren and John Wayne. That was really horrible. We lived in the desert for weeks, you know, and hated each other."

"You walked out into the foyer," I said. "You know what I am?" he said sadly. "I am Hollywood's No. 2 Dago," said Brazzi. "He walked to the door. 'Who's No. 1?' I called after him."

"Why," said Brazzi, "Sinatra, of course."

## Thinking ahead...



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## FERD'NAND



By Milk







## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



## Now Mr. Amies Creates A Gay New Shape For Men

IT'S CASUAL AND YOUTHFUL... I FORESEE THE BACKGROUND MOVING FORWARD



PICTURE BY ROY ROUND.

Spring coat with all the new lines — an easy oval shape, a wider neckline, and a band and button at the hem. Because it's short it's not difficult to walk in. I've tried it. Designed by Spectator Sports. It costs 17 guineas. Hat by Hugh Beresford. The man's coat belongs to Mr. Amies. No, that's not him inside it. He was at Buckingham Palace discussing the Queen's clothes for her recent visit to Holland when the picture was taken.

MR. HARDY AMIES, the Queen's dressmaker, king of a successful couturier business, an equally successful off-the-peg business, and a plushy little Georgian house in Kensington is now adding to his empire. He is the first of the British Top Ten to design clothes for men.

"What's new?" I asked him when I called in to see him in Kensington. "The shape," said he, "but surely you've noticed all the really well-dressed men are a TOTALLY DIFFERENT SHAPE."

"That old double-breasted buttoned-up-and-down look has gone."

"It couldn't be more dated. These so-called 'best dressers' — politicians mostly — with their long, sad overcoats flapping round their calves — they're FINISHED."

"You must have noticed?"

"I explained that, to most women, men, sartorially speaking, are merely a background."

And as far as the shape of the background is concerned, anything large, square, dark, and not too sharp at the corners will do splendidly.

The thin, angular type with splashes of extrovert colour are never entirely satisfactory.

They tend to get into the foreground and compete.

"Really," continued Mr. Amies — hitching his faintly drab trousers at the knee and crossing one hand-made shoe over the other, "one is terrified to talk of anything revolutionary in men's wear."

"Immediately the public seems to get the impression that it's either something out of the chorus from *Traviata* or a *Space Suit*."

## YOUNGER!

"Nothing could be further from the truth."

"It's simply that every well-turned-out man is now looking YOUNGER."

"It's the effect of the shorter, casual overcoat... the roomy slightly sack-shaped jacket... and, of course, no braces."

"Braces are the most aging bit of gadgetry ever."

"Just to wear them makes one feel old."

(He rang the bell. "Easton — my beaver-lined overcoat, please and the black and white check and the evening coat.")

"You must see for yourself what I mean" — and with the

return of Easton (his valet) he demonstrated.

It is a youthful look right enough. In his flannel black bowler, his short triangular overcoat and his long narrow trousers, Mr. Amies looked absurdly like the eternally young lover in *Parlous Peynet's* drawings.

But as a background?

"I'm not so certain."

## Frozen out

I ATE out in style last week.

Lashed up by batteries of well-starched waiters, I dined several costly meals.

My address is that 'practically everything I ate, including the shrimps, the scallop, and the salmon... the peas, broccoli, baby sprouts, asparagus, raspberries, strawberries, pineapple and so on (no, of course I didn't mix all that at one sitting) came straight out of

that non-striking, labour-saving, ice-ford friend of every hotel keeper — the DEEP FREEZER.

What worries me is that, if we don't watch out, we are going to get to the fearful state where, willy nilly, darn nearly, everything gets frozen—even when it's in season.

Nothing tasted of FOOD!

Why?

At the moment most of the hotels round my home serve frozen sprouts — and a few hundred yards away the market gardens are full of fresh ones.

I wanted fresh haddock recently.

"Fresh frozen," said my fishmonger, who is scarcely

able to move round his little shop since he imported a giant deep-freeze cabinet.

"Tastes like cotton wool," said I.

"Then take a nice bottle of tomato ketchup too, dear," said he helpfully.

They tell me that's what they do in the States.

No wonder. Randolph Churchill almost wept on TV when he recalled his lost 20lb. — "nothing tastes of anything over there."

say we are in danger of losing our palates.

We may well be in danger of losing 20lb. too — and, sorry Randolph, some of us can't spare it!

## Why Are Black Stocking Girls So Sad?

I've been longing to talk to one.

To this end I found myself in a coffee bar in Chelsea, sharing a seat—the only vacant seat—with a virtuous of the wash-board.

I hoped he might introduce me to some girls.

"Call me Frank," said he.

"Tell me," said I—indicating the many black-stockinged-ones draped over the tables — "why so sad. Why the general air of mourning?"

"What's they got to laugh at?" said Frank.

"Do they write?" said I.

"More like can they write," said Frank.

"What do they talk about?" said I.

"What would we be talking about if you'd just put down that notebook and relax," said Frank.

I said I couldn't imagine.

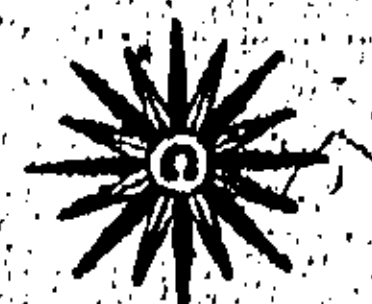
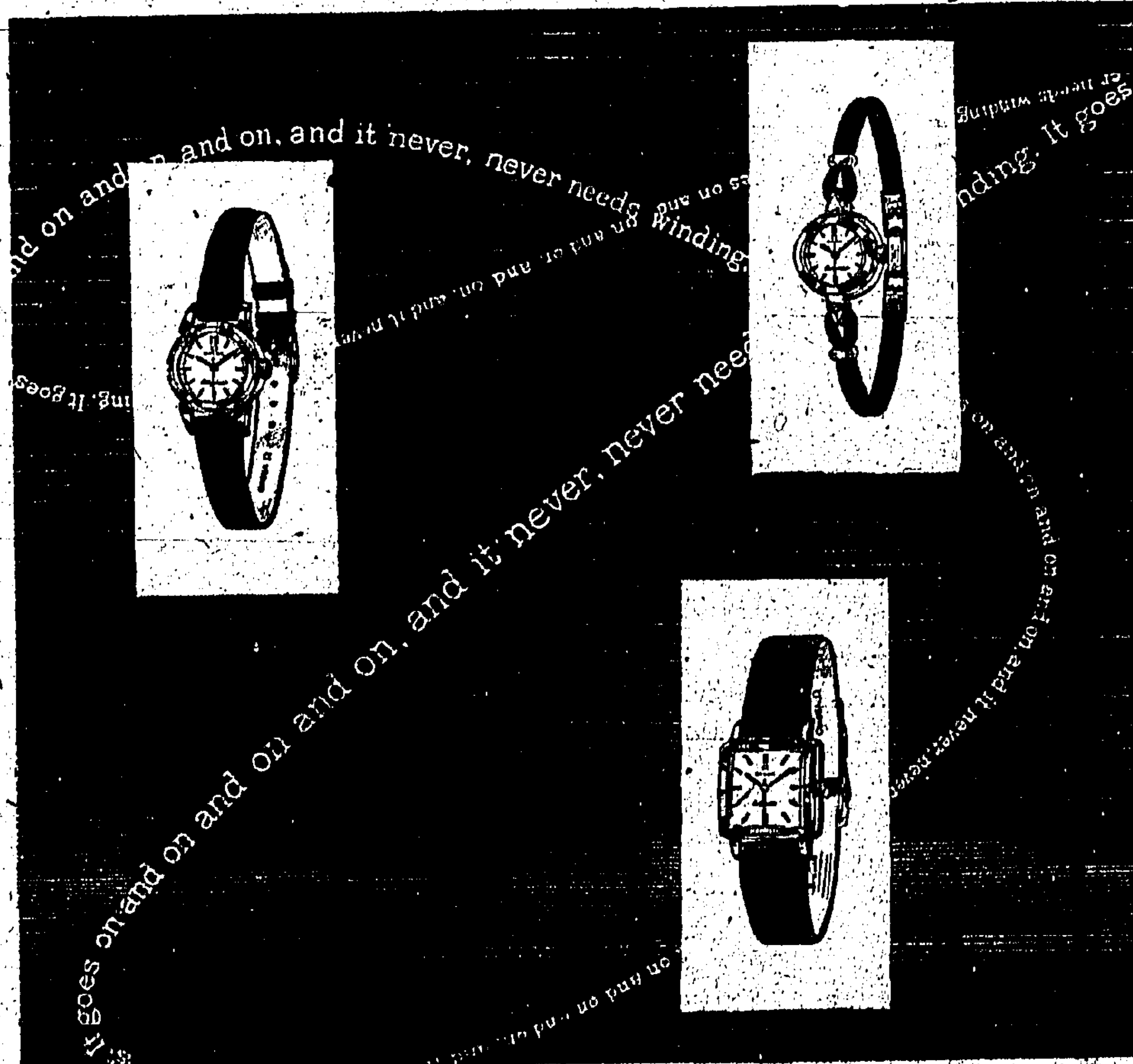
EVER since the days of Noah, no doubt, tidy-minded people like me have rejoiced to see the species going two by two.

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## A Colour Scheme Of Blue And Yellow



IT WAS a blue and yellow colour scheme for the Queen recently. The blue, gold-edged ribbon of the Order of the Lion of the Netherlands was set off by the magnificent dress by Hartnell which Robb presents for you here.

Made of palest yellow satin — a surprise colour for the Queen — its big belled skirt was swathed with ruffled lace in pale blue and yellow, and sparkled with aquamarine and topaz. And swagged from the side ran a train of sky-blue satin that tucked under the hem in front and made a stately trail behind.

Drawn by Robb





Mr. Pong Ding-yuen, new chairman of the Po Leung Kuk, is seen at the official reception after his appointment, with the Hon. J. C. McDouall.



The centenary of the pioneer auctioneering firm of Lammer Brothers is celebrated at the Hongkong Jockey Club.

LEFT: Mr. K. A. Watson, partner of the firm, welcomes Mrs. W. V. Pennell.

ABOVE: At the party... Mrs. R. Poston, Mrs. E. H. Pritchard, and Mrs. K. Allport.

Staff Photographers



Members of the Japanese all-girl Shochiku Revue sailed from Hongkong aboard the President Cleveland just as the film "Sayorana" arrived to explain their set-up, and one of their own films "Underwater Romance".

Above—from the left Misses Michika Kai, Michiya O'Gi, M. Wu, and Yoko Tamaki are seen at the farewell party (left and below) before the Cleveland sails.

Staff Photographer



Mr. D. W. B. Baron, Director of Social Welfare, is seen at the opening of the 2nd Children's Toy Exhibition in Tsimshatsui.

Staff Photographers



Mr. J. C. Jones, Assistant Education Adviser on Technical Education to the Secretary of State for the Colonies at the Aberdeen Trade School.

Staff Photographer



Jean Pratt, Cambridge anthropologist spending a year in the Hakka village of Sha Lo Tung, speaks at the YWCA.

RIGHT: Mrs. L. G. Morgan, wife of the Acting Director of Education, presenting parcels at the Juvenile Care Centre.

BELOW: Guests at the same function applauded a lively programme of folk dances and songs.

Staff Photographer



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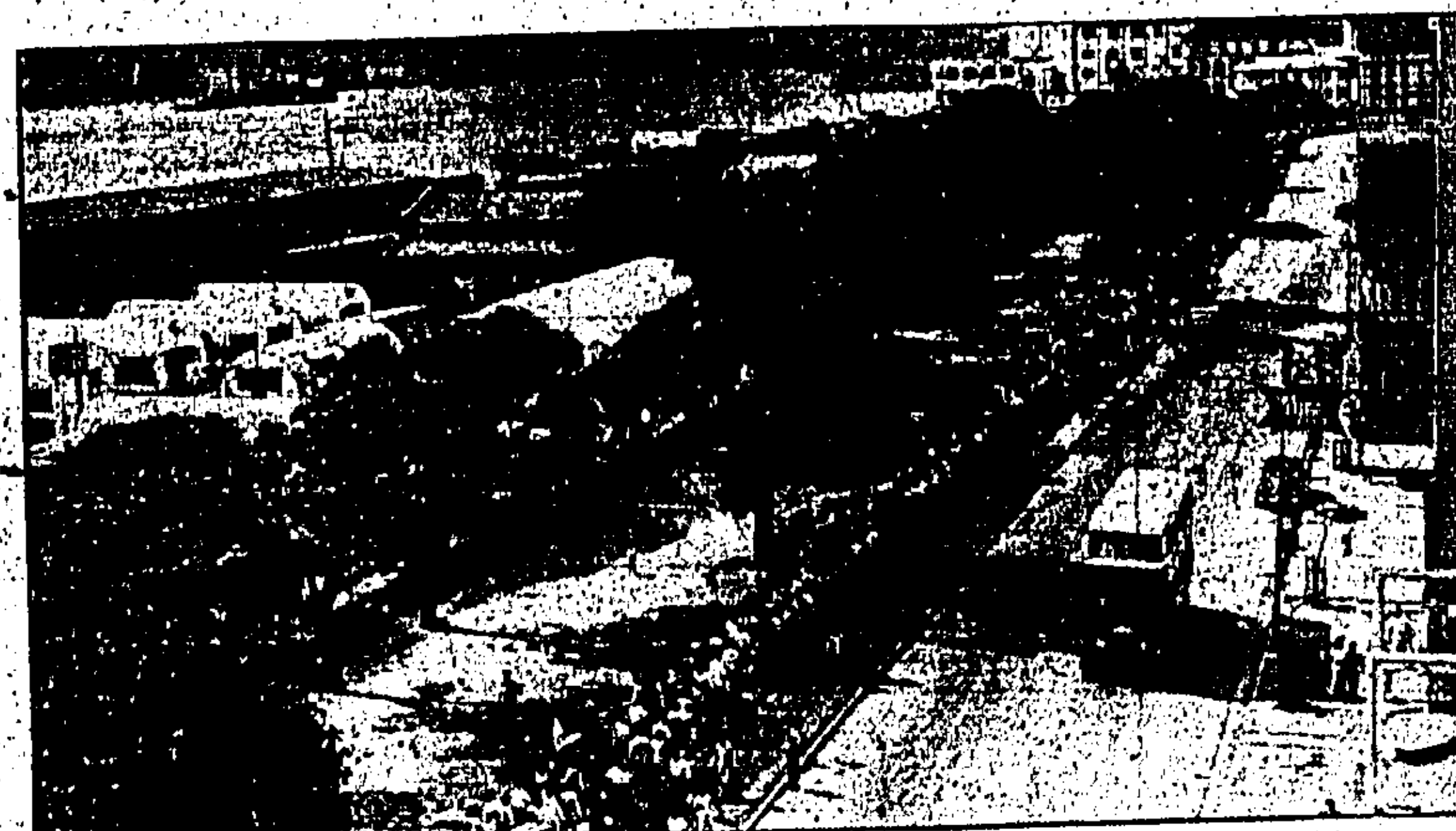
## EASTER WEDDINGS

BELOW: Dr Frederick Y. K. Ong of Singapore and his bride Betty Lake Hol-zin outside the Supreme Court. Inset—their bridesmaids.  
RIGHT: Mr Francis Blackburn and Kathleen Rowan on the steps of St Teresa's.

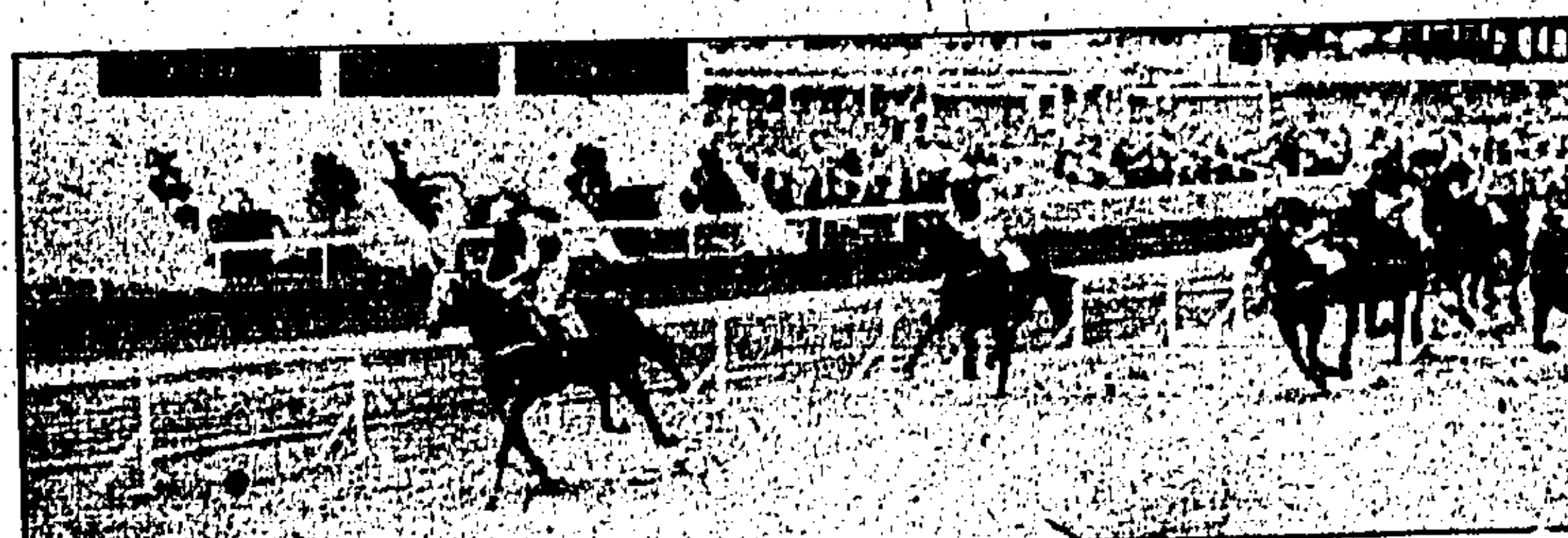
Staff Photographers



Bruce Wing-cheong Lo and Vivian Young are seen at the Kwong Chau Restaurant following their wedding. Staff Photographer



Good Friday in the Christian calendar coincided with the Chinese "Children's Day." And Easter Saturday was the Chinese Ching Ming Festival when extra trains and buses catered for huge queues (above and left) of pilgrims making ceremonial family visits to their hillside family graves . . . the beginning of Summer. Staff Photographer



## EASTER RACING

The Sussex and Oxford handicaps at Happy Valley. Staff.



## EASTER MORNING

Before dawn members of Union Church arrived on the Peak for the first of many services throughout the Colony. Above are Mr V. C. Seymour and (in white) the Rev. R. C. Symington. Left are members of the congregation seen by the light of a misty dawn. Staff Photographers



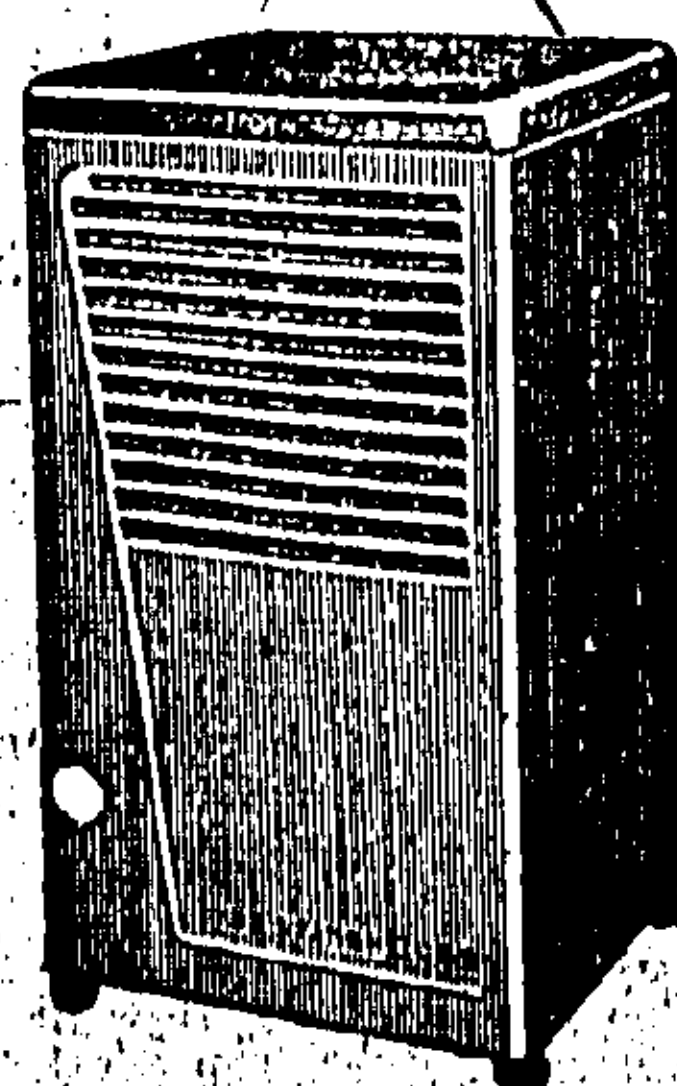
Mr and Mrs Derek Hunt after their wedding at the Hong-kong Supreme Court, and before a banquet at the Capitol Restaurant. Staff Photographer

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## LONDON LETTER

## A Woman's World

By Sir Beverley Baxter, MP

NATIONS, like human beings, have sex. Thus England, Germany, Russia and Canada are masculine, whereas France, America and Italy are feminine. All of which is a philosophical preamble to the first appearance of a new British weekly publication called WOMAN'S REALM.

The people behind this new venture are the firm of Odham's, a big capitalist concern which publishes books, magazines and also "The Daily Herald" which is the official newspaper of the Labour Party. Thus the company approaches its task of universal enlightenment with broadmindedness and a nice sense of opportunism. There was no false modesty about the launching of WOMAN'S REALM. Odham's really went to town on hoardings, newspapers and commercial television. Having laid down the barrage the publishers coolly guaranteed that the sale of WOMAN'S REALM would exceed a million copies.

Most of my adult life has been spent in the publication of newspapers and magazines and it is not difficult for me to understand the doubts and problems that rose up to Odham's like Banquo's ghost to Macbeth. Already in the female magazine market there is the weekly WOMAN'S OWN with a weekly circulation of over 2½ million which, it claims, means a readership of over 6½ million. Therefore in our study of this phenomenon we find that one weekly magazine "WOMAN'S OWN" reaches something like 20% of the entire female population of the country including infants in arms and great-grandmothers.

## Saturation

But do not imagine that rival publishers fear that the market has reached saturation point. Being a woman is not merely a fact of life; it is also an occupation and a profession. A cynic might say that it is also an obsession but we shall let that pass.

Even at the risk of wearying you let me just enumerate a few more publications and then we shall get down to our argument. Here they are:

WOMAN AND BEAUTY, WOMAN AND HOME, WOMAN ENGINEER, WOMAN'S COMPANION, WOMAN'S ILLUSTRATED, WOMAN'S JOURNAL, WOMAN'S SUNDAY, WOMAN'S MIRROR, and a lot of smaller publications including, believe it or not, WOMEN'S CRICKET. In every case the magic word is WOMAN.

Faced with such a situation why did Odham's decide that there was room for yet another? And how in the world could they guarantee a ready-made million circulation from the first copy? Obviously the decision was based on cold deduction. The "Woman's" market in Great Britain is inexhaustible!

Now for a moment let us look at the situation of what might be described as "general interest" magazines. A few years ago Hulton launched the weekly "PICTURE POST" which was intended to be the British equivalent of the American magazine LIFE. In its early days the circulation of "PICTURE POST" was big but then Edward Hulton lost heavily because he had contracted with the advertisers on a much smaller estimate of readership and he could not raise the rates.

For quite a period PICTURE POST more than held its own but during the war and for a long period afterwards magazines and newspapers could not increase their size because of the shortage of newsprint.

Paradoxically those were easy days for both magazines and newspapers. The number of pages were rationed and the publisher could charge the advertiser a maximum space rate. And because of the rationing there was small opportunity for sale promotion and there was little incentive for publications to improve their product. It is the old old story that without opposition there is bound to be an end to initiative.

At last, however, there came the day when rationing of newsprint was brought to an end and the spur of competition was once more applied. That would have been glorious except for one thing. The monster Television had come of age and the battle for "The Eyes" began. In daily carnage, gone were the days when the wife and husband read magazines and books while sound radio gave them the accompaniment of pleasant music.

## Television

At first there was only the BBC television service, which charges an annual licence fee and because of its sole position could dictate to the viewing and listening public just what kind of programme the BBC thought they ought to have. But there came a day in Parliament when a Tory pressure group forced a debate on the subject. Their plan was to have two services—the BBC

(which would be supported by the licence fees) and the independent commercial service which would draw its revenue from advertisements.

The casualties soon began to mount up in this Battle of the Eyes. That intelligent and popular weekly publication "Everybody's" began to feel the draught. It paid a big price for Churchill's war memoirs which arrested the decline but not much more, and when the Churchill instalments ended the decline was resumed.

## Sherlock

In the meantime the famous Strand Magazine, which in far off days published Conan Doyle's adventures of Sherlock Holmes, folded its tents and silently stole away. PUNCH, sagged so sadly that Malcolm Muggeridge was engaged as editor to bring the dear old weekly in line with modern taste. Muggeridge did away with the pleasant genteel humour and brought in his steed and harsh ironic treatment that reached its climax with cartoons of Churchill and Eden which were savagely cruel without any suggestion of humour. For a time the new tone arrested the fall in circulation but then the rot set in, again and out went Muggeridge.

Today PUNCH under new editorship, has slumped dangerously in size, nor has it yet recovered its soul. Yet there are signs that the new editor knows what he is doing. For the sake of all of us in the British family of nations it is to be hoped that Mr Punch will be pointing out our gentle rational absurdities for a long time.

But all the serious weekly periodicals were feeling the draught. That forceful and intelligent weekly "Truth" clung to life as long as it could and then gently passed away. Now it is rumoured that TIME AND TIDE (owned by Lady Rhonda) will follow TRUTH on its journey down the River Styx. Journal of Edinburgh gave up the ghost. To me that was a sad day for it was in the journal that my novel "The Park Men Play" was serialised in the early 1920's.

Here then is the paradox of the situation and I am afraid that it does not reflect favourably upon the female portion of the British community. While are either dead or dying the upsurge of women's magazines grows stronger and more overwhelming all the time. Therefore, let us take a look at this new WOMAN'S REALM which was sold out from its first issue.

## Domesticity

Quite openly its target is the housewife and her day to day problems. There are labour saving suggestions, and all sorts of good ideas on the perplexities of domesticity. The whole thing is very useful and no doubt very useful. In fact it is aimed at the lower middle classes and not at the smart set at all. I have no doubt that it will help thousands of women to be better housewives and, therefore, I wish it well even though the arts as yet have found no auspicious place in its pages.

And now, believe it or not, I have just got before me a display newspaper announcement as follows:

## ONLY TWO MORE WEEKS!

## "Woman's Day"

Guaranteed weekly net sale during the launching period . . . . . 1,000,000

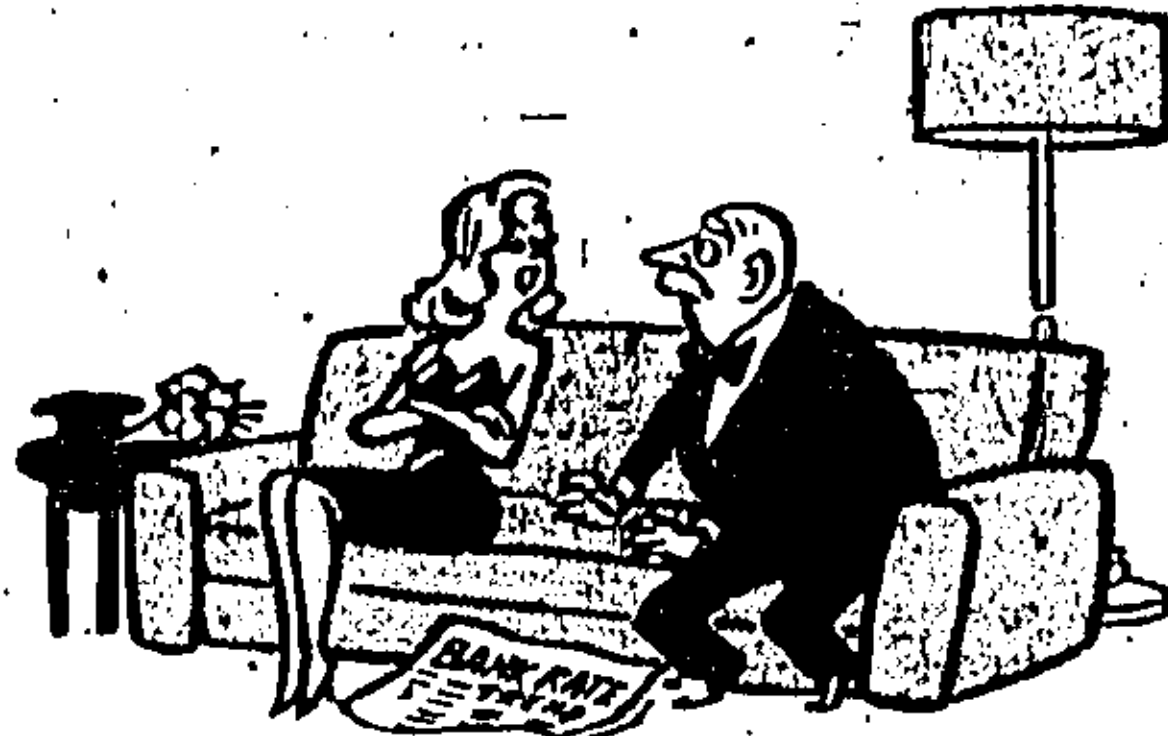
And this from Newsweek Publications which proudly published THE STRAND MAGAZINE for so long!

So I come back to the opening paragraph of this London Letter. If Britain, like Canada and Germany, is a masculine country why is it apparently impossible to maintain a general interest magazine such as the SATURDAY EVENING POST and MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE? Are American and Canadian women more interested in world affairs than in the immediate obsession of domestic affairs? That would seem to be the case even though there might be lingering doubts in the minds of men.

It has been said that in Britain a married couple, expecting their first baby, decide in advance to call it Herbert Vohn after the wife's uncle (who has a bit of land) and they are keenly disappointed when the baby turns out to be a girl. Yet when it comes to magazine publication there is almost no place for the activities and interests of the male. There is, however, one magazine called MEN ONLY.

## Is this the greatest leader of them all?

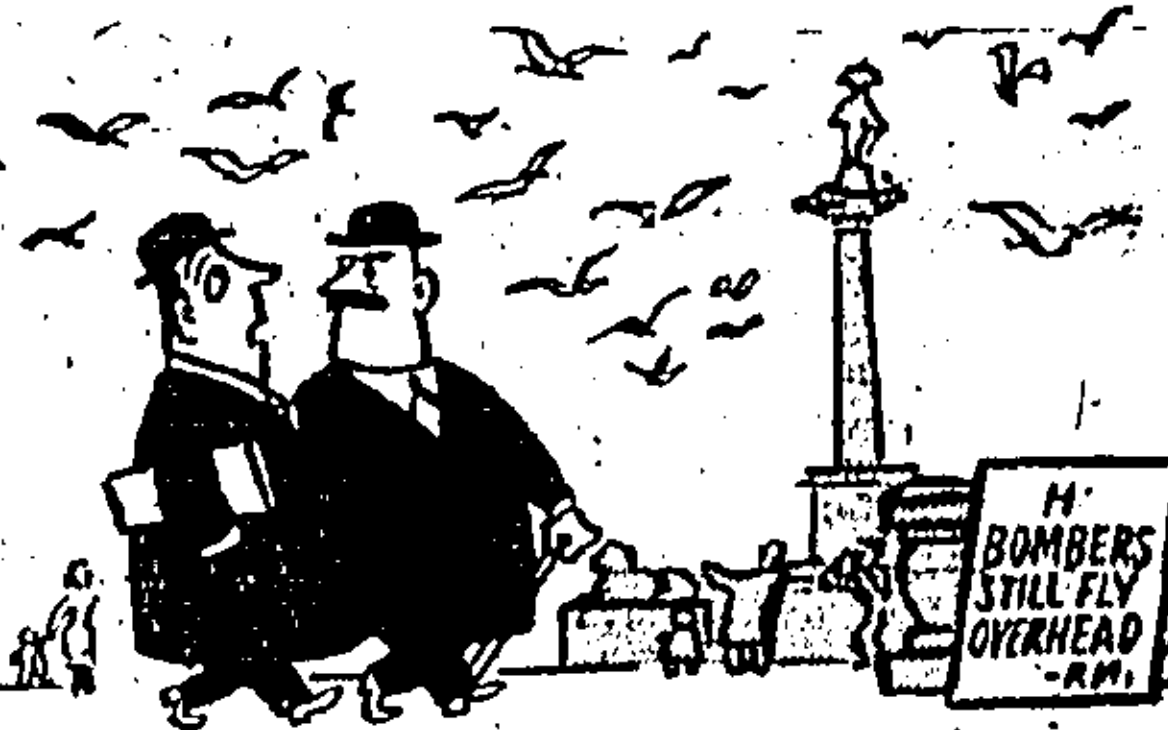
## WEEKEND Friell



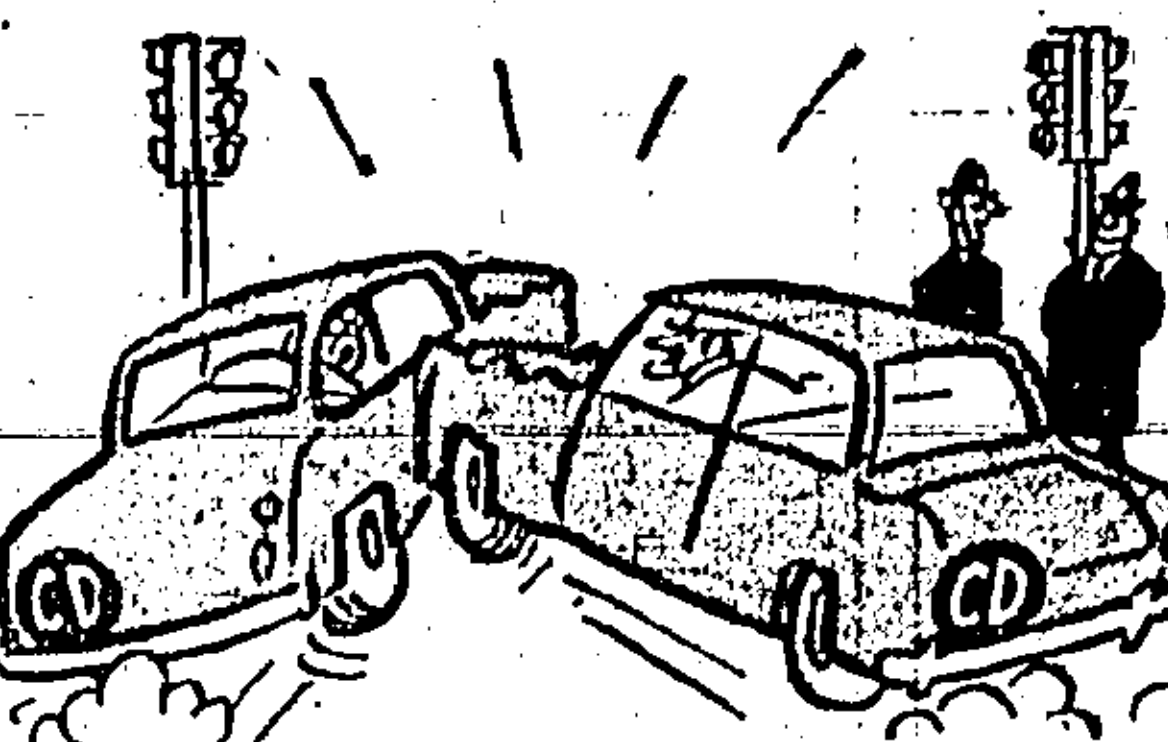
"All right, Mr. Moony! Money is still scarce, there must be no relaxation... so I'm not relaxing, O.K."



"You see it stands for 'Nuclear Arms To Order.' Herr Doktor?"



"You can talk about the law of averages and the remoteness of the contingency, but accidents do happen. I know."



"I don't think they'll really enjoy their diplomatic immunity this time, constable!"



"Ah, but what's the position if the world doesn't last 10 years?"



"It's hard to realise we are absolutely the end, don't you think?"

## I DON'T think John Diefenbaker, despite his forecast of sweeping victory, expected such a mammoth majority in the Canadian General Elections.

I had been asked to accompany the Prime Minister's party to Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, and one of Diefenbaker's aides, Fred Davis (he married the Dionne quintuplets' nurse), warned me not to predict too big a triumph.

He had seen quoted a dispatch of mine: "Diefenbaker Will Win and Win Big." As it turned out Diefenbaker did not only win big, he won colossal—the most shattering election victory in Canadian history.

He emerges as perhaps the most inspiring and dynamic leader in the British Commonwealth, or the Western world for that matter.

In the Canadian capital people told me at the Rideau Club, in the lounge of the Chateau Laurier, at the drug-store counters, and in the Lord Elgin Bar: "John is way out in front now."

Perhaps he is. Certainly he is fitter and more vigorous than Eisenhower, more dynamic than Macmillan, more magnetic and a good deal younger (62) than Menzies.

Has Canada produced a great British Commonwealth leader, not merely a highly successful Dominion Minister? I think that Canada has. Certainly there is no one in power in the Commonwealth who believes in the British family of nations more fervently than Diefenbaker does.

I heard him make speech after speech, and sometimes the tears would come into his eyes when he talked of the heritage of the British Commonwealth and of a new and bigger part in it for Canada.

## First aim

WHAT does he say today as he presides over his vast victory? "Internationally we must retain the closest relationship with the Commonwealth—let's never forget that."

Diefenbaker still broods at the Liberals' decision of the British as "suspension" in the Suez fiasco. "We resent the British being derisively condemned." But that is the past—Diefenbaker is thinking and planning for the future.

He will call Parliament soon, and be back in Ottawa.

Diefenbaker believes he has a date with destiny, and, judging by the election results, many millions of Canadians think the same.

He is determined on closer economic ties with the Commonwealth, particularly Britain, and will call, perhaps in Montreal, a summer conference in Montreal on trade and finance.

## Closer ties

It was not campaign oratory that I heard and it was not campaign oratory that I heard when Diefenbaker called for 15 per cent more trade with Britain. I quote the Prime Minister: "The Conservative Government intends to restore to a maximum extent the British market which has been all but lost by previous Liberal Governments."

Diefenbaker wants closer blood ties with Britain and closer money ties. He wants to link the hard Canadian dollar with a harder pound sterling.

He has said little in the past few days, even off the record, about a Summit conference between Russia, the United States, and Britain and Canada. But it makes the strongest possible appeal to him.

But first he will tackle unemployment as he often pledged when asking for a vote of confidence from the voters.

Diefenbaker said he will solve it with public works, opening up the Canadian Northern Territories, new roads, reorganisation of the railways, possibly a few air and sea routes, interchange of goods with Britain and the Commonwealth.

Why did Diefenbaker win so overwhelmingly? Personality

and passion are part of the answer as I have noted before, but the big reason is the man's crusading fervour and his defence of United States trade policies and rejection of the growing dominance of American industrial giants here.

"Are General Motors trying to take us over, John?" a heckler asked at one meeting. Diefenbaker replied: "Not while I am here."

More than anything, Diefenbaker's insistence on Canada's absolute sovereignty, his bitter resentment of Detroit trying to dictate trade policy to Canadian motor-car subsidiaries, helped to give him his huge majority.

The measure of his triumph is seen in Quebec Province, the citadel of French Canadians, the solid Liberal stronghold.

To me, a frequent visitor to Quebec over the past 20 years, it means that Diefenbaker is breaking down the barriers between French Canadians and Canadians from Britain or other stock. He is preaching: "We are all Canadians and never mind the origin or religion."

Not to be too emotional we must not forget that Diefenbaker has the tacit support of the wily old fox of Quebec politics, Premier Maurice Duplessis, and the open support of scores of Duplessis' lieutenants.

## Too long

DURING the long—too long—campaign, which lasted seven weeks, I noticed, listening to some speeches and reading more that while the candidates said harsh things about each other and even harsher things about the United States of America there was little or

no criticism of Britain and the British Commonwealth. This new Canada which Diefenbaker is building and leading with the skill and assurance of a Roosevelt, takes its place firmly alongside the other Commonwealth nations.

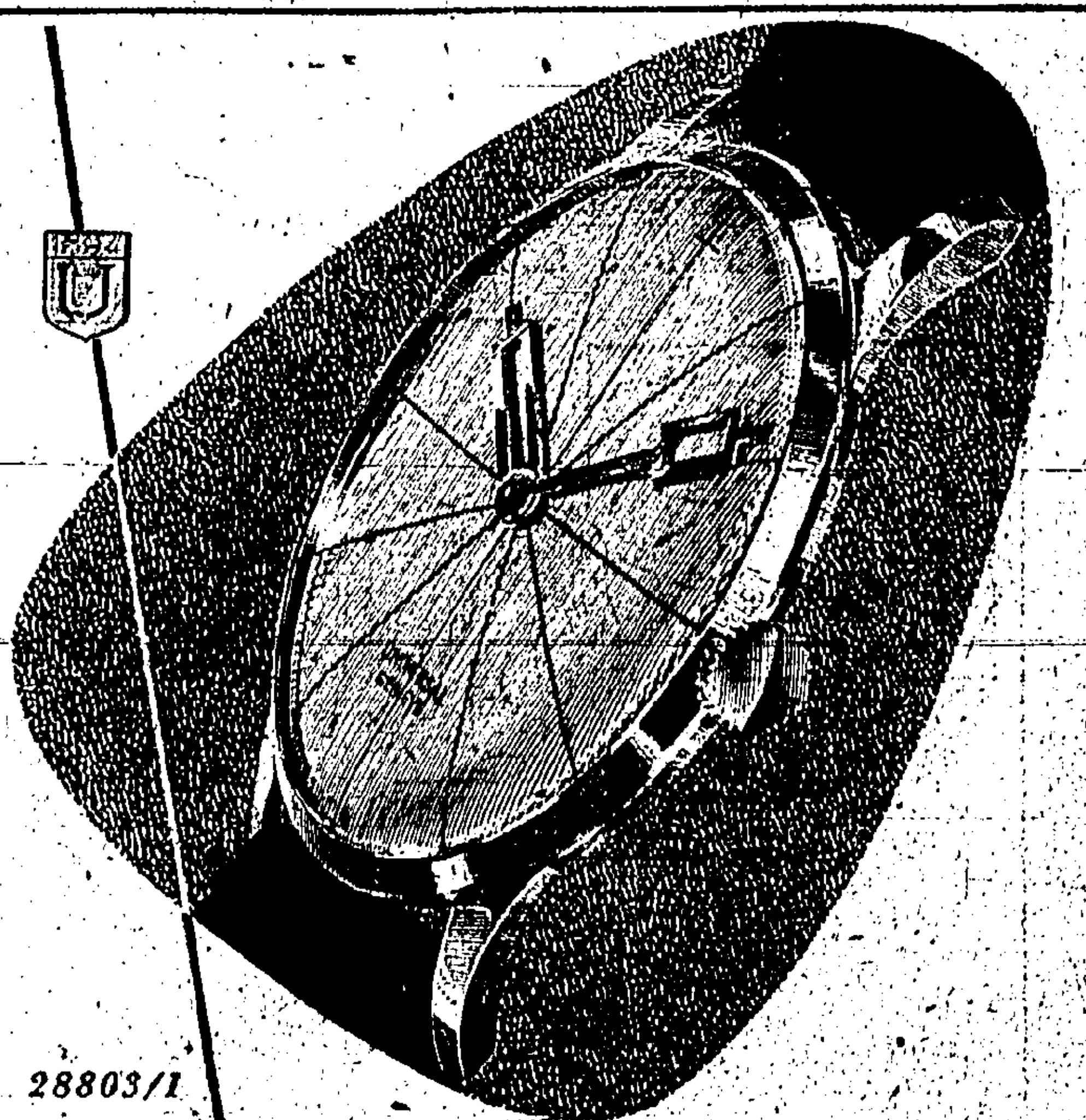
Who knows... with men such as Diefenbaker it might, one day lead it?

## DON IDDON'S DIARY

DIEFENBAKER, Defies the American giant...

## HOW THE PARTIES POLLED

Conservative	209
Liberals	47
C.C.F.	8
Social Credit	0



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# GOLDEN BALL...KEEP ON ROLLING ALONG!

BY JOHNNY DANKWORTH

JAZZ is booming. It is right bang in the middle of its greatest heyday since the Golden Age—the late 'twenties and the early 'thirties.

Jazz clubs are bursting at the seams. Jazz TV and radio audience figures have reached an all-time high. The great jazz artists are household names. Jazz records are selling faster than they can be pressed.

Artists like Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Dizzy Gillespie are touring the world playing jazz and enjoying wild receptions.

Paris, Rome, and London are flourishing jazz centres. Jazzmen born in Britain, Germany, Sweden, even Japan, are making their mark on the American jazz scene.

It is another Golden Age for jazz. But this time the Golden Age is stretching all over the globe, not just over the United States.

It is not difficult to understand why. Jazz has vitality and integrity and little hide-bound tradition.

It is one of the few surviving forms of spontaneous music in a world that is crying out for spontaneity. It is colourful, not gaudy. It is uninhibited, without being chaotic. To understand it requires intelligence rather than intellect.

Small wonder that the lover of "serious" music, finding it all too serious at times, is being persuaded to increase his repertoire to include jazz.

And the not-so-glibble pop-fan, watching the declining standards of the "pop" and sensing big business at work rather than music, is turning to jazz for something more enduring.

So my guess is that the Golden Ball is going to keep on rolling for jazz, and not only rolling but snowballing all the time.

## BOOK PAGE

THE richest man in America, Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, was in 1838 an ailing satyr of 74 whose two principal interests were sex and seances. Anyone offering either was welcome at his New York mansion.

When his butler ushered in one day a pair of buxom, bright-eyed, handsome ladies who offered both, they were very very welcome.

The blustery commodore's temperature shot up, and he at once announced himself a willing patient for a course of "healing contact" treatments. His lady visitors smiled sweetly and set to with a will.

Although only mediocre mediums, Victoria Clafin Woodhull and her deliciously uninhibited sister, Tennessee, were wizards at mixing a potent brew of flesh and fantasy. Commodore Vanderbilt thrived on it.

The story of the two sisters and the millionaire must surely be one of the most fascinating ever told. It proves that no matter how hard art tries to copy life, all it turns out are pale carbons.

In Victoria Woodhull and her sister, American author Irving Wallace has unearthed a couple of real life McCoy's who make fictional scarlet women and Scarlett O'Hara seem as virtuous as vestal virgins and as cold as yesterday's porridge.

Their saga is one of the high spots in **THE SQUARE EGGS** (Hutchinson, 21s).

Long before the Vanderbilt venture, the sisters had first hit the road travelling with their raffish family's snake-oil medicine show. Victoria made an early stab at matrimony with a Dr Woodhull, but sheel both him and the snake-oil when she realised that clairvoyance offered better pickings.

Pursuing bits of ectoplasm was easy, but empty of real pleasure, and Victoria always had an eye cocked for more solid masculine materialisations.

After delivering a lecture on spiritualism one night, Victoria spotted in the audience the dashing Colonel Blood.

Falling into a convenient trance, she announced to this astounded gentleman: "Your destiny is to be linked with mine in marriage."

A Civil War veteran, he was already linked in marriage, and was the father of two children. But, like Victoria, he was a believer in the occult, free thinking, socialism, and advanced social theory, so he cheerfully abandoned the lot and became Victoria's lover.

Run out of town after town for blackmail, suspected pro-

by  
**DEE WELLS**

stitution, and fraudulent fortune-telling, Victoria, Tennessee, and the colonel were uneasily settled in Pittsburgh, where two pretensions from the past joined the ménage.

Dr Woodhull had come crawling back, and the ancient Greek orator, Demosthenes, dropped in often to enliven the dining-room table rapping sessions. Both were useful. Dr Woodhull looked after Victoria's two children, and Demosthenes directed the household's destiny.

When he pronounced a change of locale would do them good, the obliging Greek added that if they moved to New York "thereafter only great and good events would befall."

Mobile as always, they packed up and went. Demosthenes didn't fail them, and following his directions they wound up in the bedroom of Cornelius Vanderbilt.

If Cornelius thrived on their treatment, the girls did not do too badly either. With Tennessee in his arms, and Victoria in his confidence, they used the Vanderbilt money and the Vanderbilt stock market know-how to set themselves up a profitable little sideline.

### COOL PROFIT

THE brokerage firm of Woodhull, Clafin and Company was established with Victoria and Tennessee as sole operators. When word got around that these pretty lady brokers were backed by the great Vanderbilt, business boomed. When word got around that stocks and shares weren't all they split, business boomed faster.

After a single year "on the street"—Wall Street, that is—the sisters had cleared a million dollars cool profit, and had a tidy annual income, of 50,000 dollars.

...charting a vivid career that linked seances with big business

# THE ROAD-SHOW GIRL RAN FOR PRESIDENT



...the blustery commodore at once announced himself a willing patient

Solidly settled in New York, with Commodore Vanderbilt under firm control and the commodore business in full swing, Victoria looked around for even bigger fish to fry.

Already something of a wheel in the equal-rights movement, she widened her orbit and decided to run for President!

Colonel Blood, seeing in this bold move an opportunity to further his own advanced ideas on freedom, female emancipation, and labour reform industriously turned out speeches and articles for her. These were duly published in yet another sideline, Woodhull and Clafin's Weekly, a 16-page paper run by Victoria.

Victoria's campaign gained momentum, and she was enthusiastically nominated by the Equal Rights Party. Publicly poured from her weekly journal, and public-figure men were blackmailed into sponsoring her at political meetings.

With a hodgepodge platform of enlightened radical ideas, and hysterical lunacy of the weirdest sort, Victoria harangued away and attracted crackpots from all directions.

With equal fervour, she endorsed world government, occult healing, votes for women,

free love, fair labour laws, and short skirts. Sister Tennessee never one to be left behind, was running for Congress on the same ticket.

But when election day, 1872, rolled around, scandal had broken like a thunderclap and Victoria found herself sadly isolated in time and space. Her rip-roaring ideas had proved to be far too advanced for nineteenth-century America. She was in gaol. She got few votes.

For he was, alas, built in the same mould as Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Having rolled up a score of 50 seductions from among his own parishioners, the much-respected Rev. Beecher was also maintaining a long-term liaison with a Mrs Tilton. Victoria first broke the good news to Mr Tilton (who knew it already) and then broke the story to the world. She made it quite clear that it wasn't the affair that shocked her, but only the sanctimonious hypocrisy of the principal players.

One thing leading to another, Mr Tilton then sued the Rev. Beecher for alienation of affection, and Beecher, lying through his teeth, called upon God as his witness and was acquitted. Victoria, who had at one time counted both the Rev. Beecher and Mr Tilton among her lovers, was led off to gaol.

Once out of gaol, things were even bleaker. Friends—including Vanderbilt—deserted her. She was ill and her reputation never fully regained, now wrecked. She was fast running out of money and looked, at 34, close to being all washed up.

If life followed the conventional morality of movies and novels, Victoria would have been finished. But life doesn't, and she wasn't.

### DISCARDED

SHE lectured on free love still, and she practised free love still. Colonel Blood had been discarded. But she had not lost her interest in men. She seduced even her innocent office boy of 19.

Then she tried to foist him off on Tennessee.

The office boy demurred: "I don't care for her," he said.

"Oh, don't say that," replied Victoria, "nobody can love me who doesn't love Tinnie." At that the office boy fled.

Virtue, as they say, is its own reward. It is pretty nearly its only reward too, as Victoria found out after a short-lasting conversion to religion. Other judicious rewards and sugar-plum goodies are the lot of the girl who shrugs a shoulder and shakes the right tree.

Shaking down Commodore Vanderbilt's heirs for 100,000 dollars, Victoria sailed off to conquer Britain. It didn't take her long.

Martins Bank in London looked to be a healthy going concern. It was. John Biddulph Martins was 36, a full partner in the family bank, and he looked eligible. He was, he told Victoria like a ton of gold bricks.

### BAD MOMENTS

HIS family, alas, took a different view of the American lady, had her investigated, and threatened to sue for immediate discontinuance if he married his goldbird Jazzebel.

It took Victoria six solid years to whitewash her scandalous background and wear down the elder Martins. But she did, and at 45 she married her beaming banker and moved with stately respectability into his town house in Hyde Park Gate.

When large patches of white-wash began to flake off Victoria was in for some uneasy moments. But she pushed on with her usual commendable audacity, and actually successfully sued the British Museum for having committed the unpardonable libel of keeping on their shelves "scandalous pamphlets" about her former life and good times.

Marriage with Martins Bank was extremely happy. When Mr Martins died in 1897, Victoria was truly grief-stricken, but her spirits revived when she inherited his estate and 800,000 dollars. She retired to Worcester, and proceeded to squandering the 800,000 dollars around with heavy abandon until she, too, died in 1927 at the age of 90.

And Tennessee? Still tagging after big sister, she had invaded Britain too and found an acorn-loaded English oak to shake. Taking one startled happy look at the widowed merchant, Sir Francis Cook, and his 2,000,000 dollars, she turned respectable, married him, and never looked back.

## CRIME SHELF

By PHILIP OAKES

● TROUBLE IN WEST TWO. By Kevin Fitzgerald. Heinemann, 12s. 6d. Brilliantly unpredictable counter-espionage thriller which should make James Bond look to his laurels. Sinister agents working behind a facade of drinking clubs and super brothels routed by a lucid pair of clubland heroes. Highly recommended.

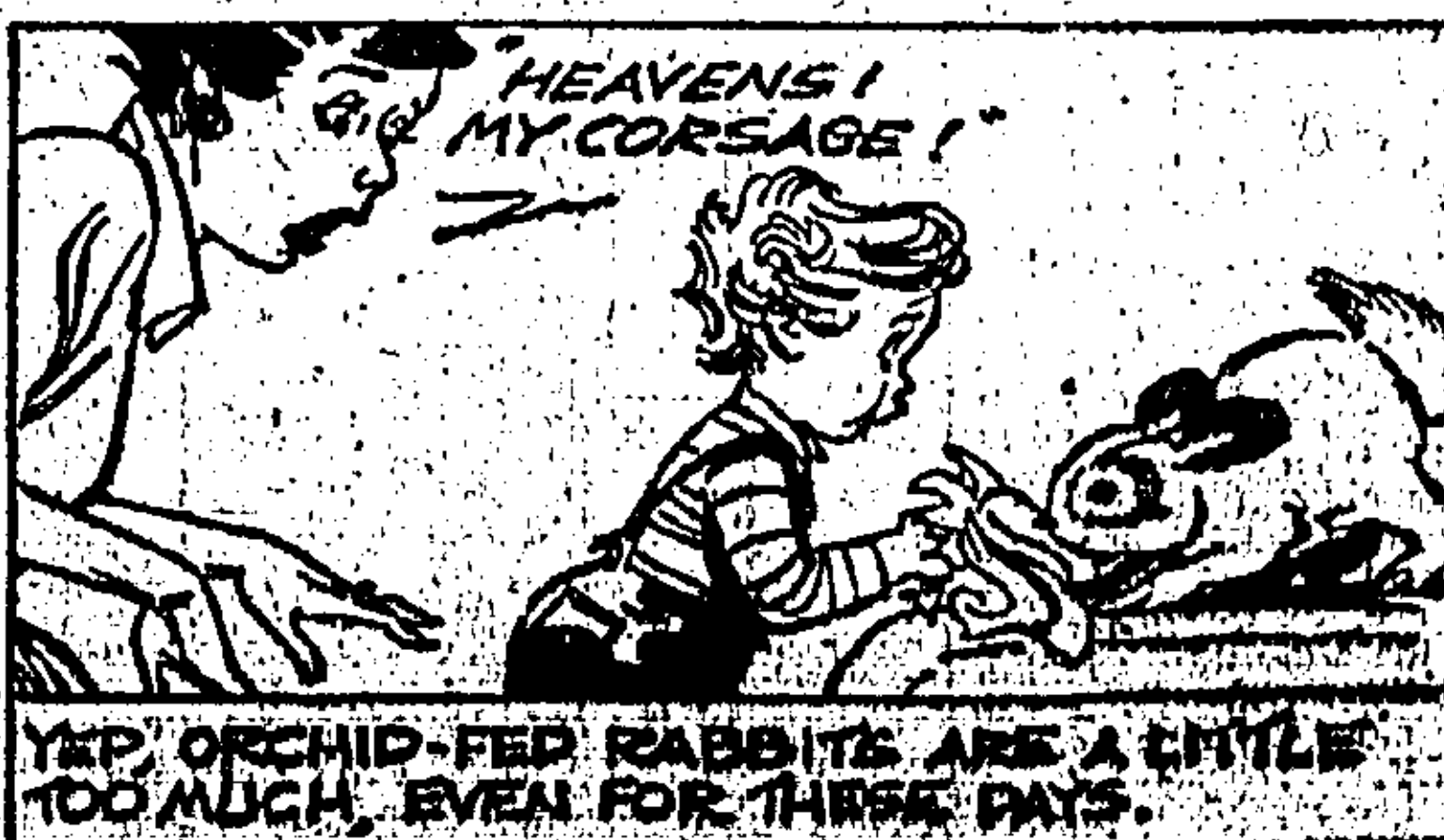
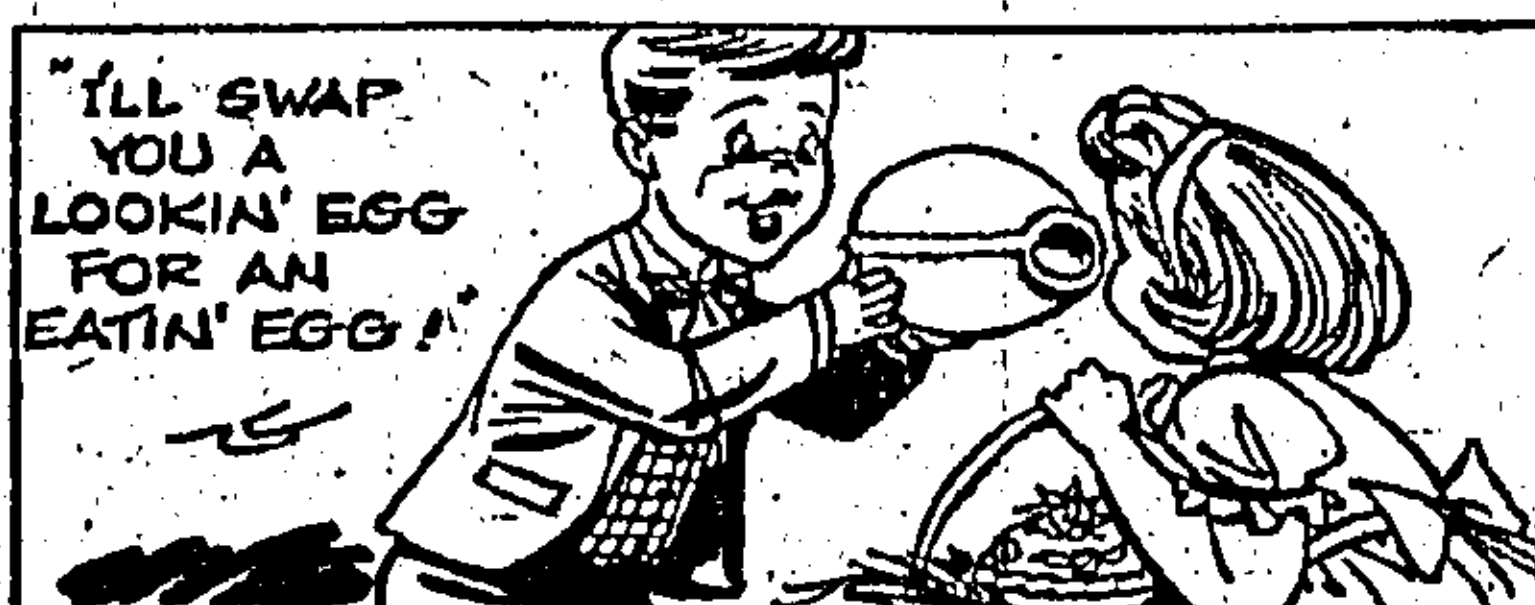
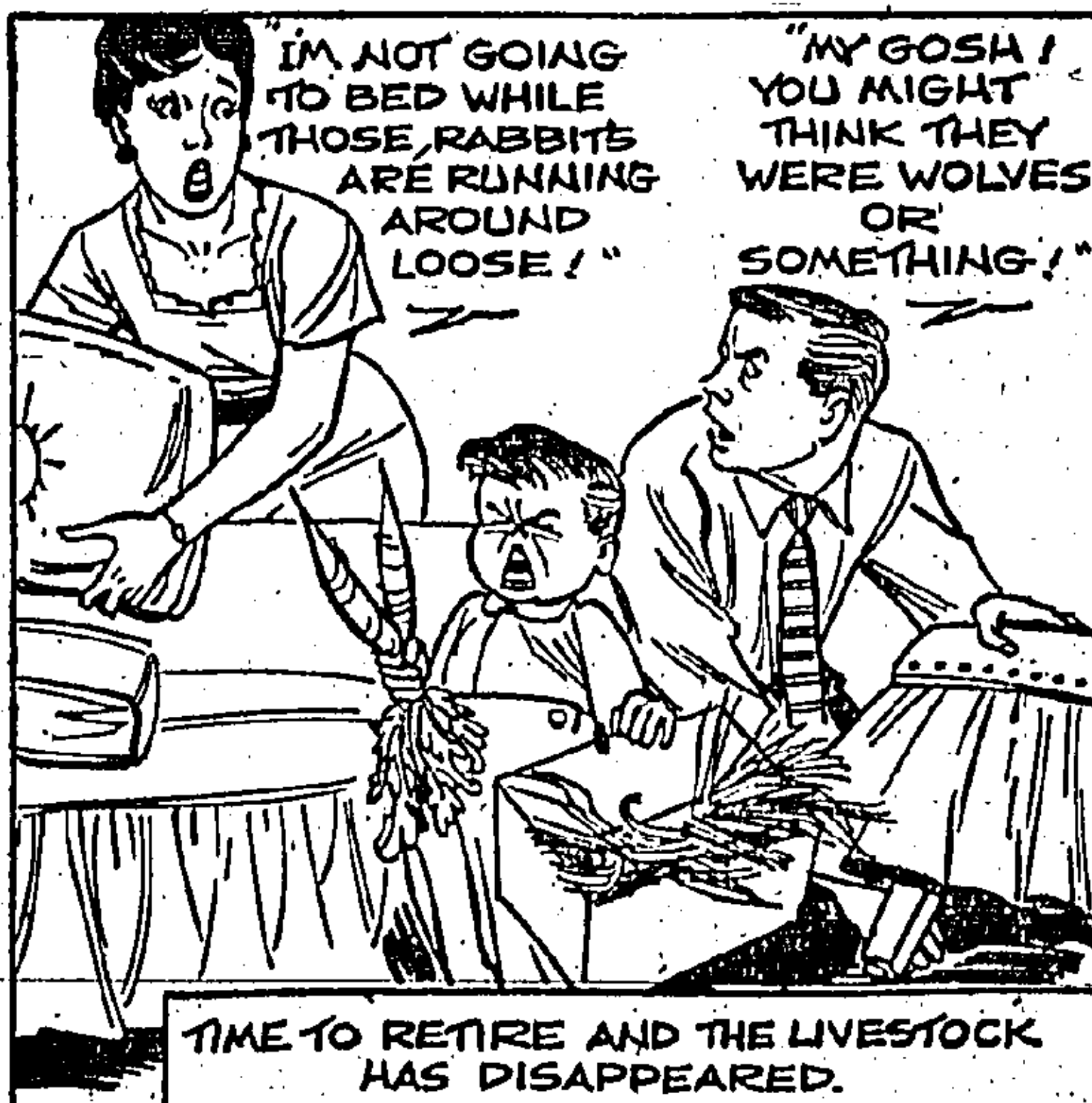
● BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING. By Evelyn Piper. Secker and Warburg, 12s. 6d. Nail-biting suspense story about a frightened young woman who convinces anyone that her three-year-old daughter, missing from school, ever actually existed. Sheels of red herrings, and some hole-over-writing, but a real stiff-hanger for all that.

(London Express Service)

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Happy Easter

BY HARRY WEINERT









# GRAND DAYS FOR COLONY FANS

## Soccer Fraternity Can Look Forward To Some Very Interesting Games

By I. M. MacTAVISH

These are grand days for Colony football. First there was the good news that the Yugoslavians would definitely be playing here later this month, then came our satisfactory expedition to Macao to chalk up another success in the series of senior Interport matches.

The next item of top news was the stirring report that after weeks of speculation and doubt, Blackpool will almost certainly be seen in action in Hongkong; and finally there were the encouraging displays during the week by the various groups of our footballers who will be going to Tokyo for the Asian Games.

This all adds up to one of the best weeks we have had the pleasure of passing through in a long time and the football fraternity can look forward to some very interesting games in the near future.

### Wagging Tongues

When the teams for the Interports against Macao and Singapore were first announced, both line-ups included the name of South China's brilliant Yiu Cheuk-yin, but the little Wizard of Wondersball withdrew from the selections, pleading something like the traditional "previous engagement" which is so convenient and prevalent in our social circles.

There is no doubt that his decision to withdraw from the

Hongkong representative side spent their Easter week-end at Macao and were surprised to see Yiu Cheuk-yin looking very fit as he too enjoyed a holiday in the Portuguese Colony. Was it surprising therefore that they were asking why he was not playing football for Hongkong?

Such sets of circumstances give rise to much loose speculation and while everyone will acknowledge the right of an amateur footballer to please himself as to where and when he plays, it is quite impossible to keep the rumour-mongers silent about the wagging tongues still. I heard several strange stories of the "real" reason why the inside left had withdrawn from the

train, yet was able to make the trip to Macao. The stories that have been going the rounds as to Yiu Cheuk-yin's decision not to play are probably highly coloured, and maybe even more than a little distorted, but they are still going the rounds and they aren't all the sort that are calculated to add glamour, grace, or team harmony to the game. What a pity we have to be witness to such unfortunate situations.

### News Of The Day

The news of the day, of course, is that after all these weeks of uncertainty Blackpool and Stanley Matthews will, after all, be seen in action in the Colony. This is, I believe, the greatest single thing that could happen to our footballing community at this time and I feel certain that our fans will be more than satisfied with the fare which the famous Tangerines will serve up.

They will have the opportunity of seeing a team which is part of the highly commercialised British football system, in which competition is bitter and intense EVERY WEEK and in EVERY GAME.

This inevitably produces a type of football that is essentially purposeful. Frills are usually forgotten until a safe lead has been established and the followers of the game. Hongkongers will see something quite different from the nodding style of the Australians or the temperamental tantrums of the Israeli visitors, but I do not offer this as a safety valve should no loss of sight of the fact that Blackpool will be coming to Hongkong at the end of a strenuous tour in Australia, which in itself came right at the end of a particularly hectic and hard-fought season in which the Seagulls have been right in the thick of the fray since last August.

Provided he escapes injury in Australia, I am certain Stanley Matthews will delight the fans.

### Supreme Artist

He is the supreme artist in the footballing world, a man who has been honoured by Her Majesty The Queen and many confidently believe that further and higher honours will come his way when he eventually announces his retirement.

I can hardly wait to see him play again. My recollections of previous opportunities to watch him weave his particular brand of soccer magic are among my finest football memories. I am delighted that even in the evening of his wonderful career there is to be a Matthews performance for our local fans. I believe they will look back on the game in which he plays here with the same continental satisfaction as do countless thousands in every corner of the globe.

During the current football season Kitchee have been one of the biggest disappointments. They have a team loaded with famous names, yet apart from one game against South China they have failed to produce anything better than very ordinary stuff. Tomorrow they have their last chance to prove their earlier form has been wrong for they once again tackle South China, and if they can beat the Senior Shield holders, not only will they re-establish their own reputation but they could hand the League Championship to KMB on a plate.

It is an interesting topic for conjecture, but somehow or other I feel that's as far as it will get. South China are never easily beaten, but they are doubly difficult opponents when the stakes are highest, and tomorrow the stakes for South China are the Double for the second successive year. These are stakes which I think raise the issue higher than Kitchee can beat, take South China to win decisively and 28,000 spectators will be present to see how right, or wrong, my prediction proves to be.

## WORLD CHAMPION ON SHOW IN BRITAIN



Floyd Patterson, the World Heavyweight Champion, boxed an exhibition bout at Empress Hall on March 25, showing his prowess to British fans for the first time. Picture shows: Floyd in action on Dusty Rhodes, his sparring partner.—Central Press Photo.

## SPORTS ROUNDABOUT

### WEST BROMWICH ALBION'S RONNIE ALLEN IS HAVING A RAW DEAL

Says W. CAPEL KIRBY

What have England's selectors got against Ronnie Allen? Has the popular West Bromwich Albion live-wire offended them at some time or another by speaking out of turn? Does he kick against discipline and refuse to adapt his game to a set plan? Is he anti-social—difficult to get along with?

These and other pertinent questions are being asked by fans all over the country. I am not surprised. Allen is having a raw deal.

In a heart-to-heart chat with Allen at Portsmouth the other evening, I asked him point-blank whether he had ever said anything out of place, or done anything to warrant the selectors' displeasure.

### So Unselfish

"Never," he replied. "As I see it the only thing is that my game does not fit in with their requirements. It seems they don't want a leader so much as a power-point unit nowadays. I've got no quarrel with that except that it's likely to discourage centre-forward potential striving to play football."

"I wish Derek the best of luck, but it's one thing running face-on to the through pass, and quite another matter to get weaving on the full or half-turn," said Allen without a sign of bitterness.

### Soccer Fan

Let's turn to beauty. Last time I met ex-Queen Soraya was in the stand at Madrid. Couldn't keep my eyes off her, because she was so darned right more attractive to look at than the football Scotland were playing in their World Cup game against Spain that evening. Soraya is a confirmed soccer fan.

Who is soccer's longest throw-in exponent? My bet is Jim

Longley, Fulham's left back, who looks like collecting passport visas for England's Czechoslovakia, Russia and Sweden assignments.

### Peter's Record

Think of all the free-scoring wingers there have been—Eric Brook, Joe Hulme, Sammy Cooks, Cliff Bastin, Billy Liddell.

Now guess who holds the goal-scoring record. It's old Billy Meredith with 181. Certain to beat it, next season if not this, will be "one-over-the-eight" Peter Harris, Portsmouth outside right on the 178 mark.

### Hovering Hopefully

Peterborough should change their name from "The Posh" to "The Vultures." They are hovering hopefully to pounce on Fourth Division weaklings. There are many clubs whose demise would be no loss to the League. Valsall have had more chances than performers; disserve, while Exeter, Gillingham and Shrewsbury are no great shakes.

### Quick transfer on record

Portsmouth manager Eddie Lever, referring to Alex Govan, new boy from Birmingham, "It was done by phone and completed before the p.p.s."

It could also prove the best stroke of business on record. Between selling Jackie Henderson and buying Govan Portsmouth netted £7,000 profit and a first-match goal which

may have saved them from relegation. I went because I wanted to see for myself how my good friends, Matt Busby, Johnny Berry, and Frank Taylor were getting on.

### Matt Talks

I've just returned from Munich. I went because I wanted to see for myself how my good friends, Matt Busby, Johnny Berry, and Frank Taylor were getting on.

### Bare-knuckle

Which boxers were involved in the last bare-knuckle fight for the world heavyweight title? And what was the result?

### Who's the name?

What games are played by—(a) The Barbarians, (b) Wolves, (c) Chicago, (d) Sox?

### When and where was the first-ever Test match held between England and the West Indies?

### What's the name?

Entered county cricket in 1850, made 138 in this first Test match in 1951, has now made 2,655 in Tests, other sports—Soccer and Flies.

## SPORTS QUIZ

- The attention of the sports world has recently been focused on "Mr. W. Smith. How is he, better known?"
- Which golfers are this year trying to win for the fifth time (a) the American Open title and (b) the British Open?
- When did England last lose a cricket Test series?
- Who is the odd man out of: Pancho Gonzales, Lew Hoad, Frank Sedgman and Tony Trabert?
- WAGTC are the initials of which new world tournament?
- Which famous annual event finishes at a brewery?
- Who is the new British Empire Middleweight Boxing Champion?
- With which sports do you associate (a) Gillian Sheen, (b) Herb Elliott, (c) Hashim Khan?

### Ever Present

- Which English soccer club has an ever-present record in the First Division?
- What's the name? "Was once a coal-miner... as a sportsman was the centre of a bitter controversy... lives in Australia... nickname 'Lol'."
- Thirteen-year-old Diana Wilkinson has been elected Britain's Sportswoman of the Year. What is her sport?
- How many times has golfer Ben Hogan won the American Open Championship?
- James J. Corbett, James J. Braddock and James J. Jeffries all won the heavyweight championship of the world. True or false?
- Which wicket-keeper holds the record for the greatest number of dismissals in first-class cricket?
- Who was the winner of the 1937 European Grand Prix? And what car did he drive?
- What are the nationalities of these tennis stars: (a) Luis Ayala, (b) Dorothy Knode, (c) Ashley Cooper?

### The Most

- Which University has scored the most victories in the Oxford-Cambridge rugby match?
- How many walls are there in a fives court?
- With what sport do you associate: (a) Hans Gerschwiler, (b) Fausto Coppi?
- What's the name? England bowler, once took six wickets for 27, including a hat-trick, against the Indians' Test team. Look 238 wickets in Test matches... often mistaken for his brother.
- Place these athletes in correct order as the winners of the most Olympic gold medals: (a) Jesse Owens, Paavo Nurmi, Ray Ewry, Emil Zatopek.
- How many players make up a Rugby League team?
- Who are the current holders of the European Soccer Cup and when did they beat in the 1957 final?
- Who was the last tennis player to retain the United States men's singles title?

### Bare-knuckle

- Which boxers were involved in the last bare-knuckle fight for the world heavyweight title? And what was the result?
- What games are played by—(a) The Barbarians, (b) Wolves, (c) Chicago, (d) Sox?
- Who captains Cambridge University at both golf and chess, (b) draughts?
- How many pieces are required for a game of (a) chess, (b) draughts?
- When and where was the first-ever Test match held between England and the West Indies?
- What's the name? Entered county cricket in 1850, made 138 in this first Test match in 1951, has now made 2,655 in Tests, other sports—Soccer and Flies.

(Answers on Page 17)



## Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

BILL JENNINGS  
By Archie Quick

Wherever soccer is talked, mention is made sooner or later of the great wing triangles the game has produced. The Caggy-Moodys and the Burden-Park club was making Cup history in the early days of Wembley.

The Wanderers are back at Wembley again this year, but Bill Jennings, the brains behind the Vizard-Smith machine, lives in quiet retirement at Penarth. His last days in football were as a manager of Cardiff City immediately before the last War, when the Ninian Park club was at its lowest ebb.

When he took the job in 1937, City had a debt of £12,000 and their grandstand, dressing rooms and football kit had all been destroyed by fire. By shrewd buying Bill got the club on its feet and at the end of the year it made £8,000. History. Jennings won eleven Welsh International caps against the other Home countries, and got two Cup winners' medals at Wembley. Now Bolton are in the Final again, and Bill says: "There is nothing brilliant about the present side, apart from Nat Lofthouse, but they play as a team and are very keen. Give me eleven good players instead of a team of individual stars any time."

### The Local Club

A native of Barry, he played as a Schoolboy International for Wales, and also rugby for the local club. He would have got into the Welsh League side, but he was rejected to release their men to poor relations like Wales. After leaving Cardiff City he joined the City Treasurer's Department at County Hall, has two sons, one of whom won the MC in Germany. Just before the end of the War.

Bill's greatest memory, of course, is the original Wembley Final when it was estimated that a quarter of a million people got into the mighty stadium. He never thought the referee would get it finished, he says. "It was a great strain having to face a forty-five minutes delay at the start, and then having the crowd right on top of you on the touchlines."

Where are his old partners? Joe Smith is shortly leaving to manage a Blackpool, and Ted Vizard has a hotel just outside Wolverhampton.

### PENALTY KINGS

Allright! We know all about this sort of saving and scoring from penalty. Alf Jones, the Chelsea League matches, Goal-keeper, Bobby Allen has so far saved five out of seven penalties awarded against his side, and Noel McFarlane has scored from six of the seven penalties he has taken.

## POP





# Softball Review

## A Most Successful Playing Season In Men's Senior League

By "TIME OUT"

In the land where the American game of softball originated, the huddling over a "hot stove" after the playing season is over has become accepted as a traditional practice. At the height of those post-mortems the what-might-have-been of the game is recalled with some nostalgia. Alas! The word "IF" suddenly becomes the most meaningful in any dictionary.

This very same word crops up in Hongkong whenever local softballers and partisan fans bump into each other. The only difference between the King's Park fraternity and those in the USA is the absence of a hot stove—but make no mistake about it.

Arguments do and will continue to rage in the long summer months ahead until the cry of "Play Ball" is heard once again in late September of 1958. And how does your humble scribe feel about the overall picture of the recently concluded softball season? Well, it is of course your privilege to disagree with my views since no two persons look at anything in the same light. Anyhow, I hope my reflections on first and foremost the Men's Senior League, will provide you with some food for thought.

The burning question as the Senior League got under way was whether or not the perennial champions, Saint Joseph's, would add another championship to the five already registered by them in the post-war years.

### Partly Answered

That question was partially answered in the defending champs' survival unscathed through the first round of their League fixtures. It soon became apparent that it would be a two-way race for the Commissioners' Trophy between Saint Joseph's and the Warriors.

The Saints ran their string of victories to 10 straight in one of the best softball games seen in many a year. The Jays acquired the services of the 1957/58 Batting King, L. C. Poon, in the outfield and Poon more than proved his worth with some sparkling displays. There were no "stars" in the champions' line-up. The only weak spot in the defence was P. Wong who failed miserably at shortstop but who more than made up for it by being 4th in the batting averages.

When the going got rough Abing—promptly recalled a veteran Art Corio. This was just the tonic needed for a revival of fortunes and bolstered by his years of playing experience, plus the steadiness of old-timers like Benny Bucks, Dave Leonard and Benny Omar, the Saints made it half-a-dozen championships when, with the odds against them, they triumphed over the Warriors in the play-off game for the Senior League title. Well done, Saints. The secret of their success can be summed up in one word—"Experience"—a commodity they have plenty of.

### Shock Defeat

The Warriors started the season as favourites. Never in their history did they have such a power-packed squad and it is unbelievable even now that the Pandas beat them 4-1 to ruin the tribe's chances for

the Pandas that seems to be forever fluttering just beyond their reach. After their shock defeat at the hands of Jackie Wei & Co., the tribe played inspired ball behind the sterling pitching of "Goose" Wong. They hid everything—power at the plate, base stealers in plenty and a defence second to none, even though shortstop Stephen Xavier had to bow out of the game through an unfortunate injury.

For the first time in local softball history one team, the Warriors, supplied the top three in the final batting averages. They had the misfortune to lose the championship game against the Saints through poor base-running. Hard luck, you Warriors! But don't give up. The Saints are not that good to stay on top all the time.

The season's most disappointing club was the Pandas. The Singhaillanders started off brilliantly by beating both Warriors and the Dodgers, but lost to the Saints. After this, pitching ace Jackie Wei did the about-face and the Pandas started slipping. Other than the shock victory over the Warriors, the Pandas had nothing to boast about and their game against the Dodgers was one of the roughest ever witnessed here. They will be remembered for this if for nothing else.

### Surprise Package

The surprise package was the US Navy. They ended up third in the League. They were represented by four station ships, the Orea, Lenawee, Washburn and Floyd's Bay. As dark horses they certainly made their presence felt as the Dodgers will readily testify. They were never a Pennant threat since their fielding was mediocre. The only notable feature of the sailors was their long-ball hitting. One recalls with some enthusiasm the old "Orea" side that downed the strong Braves side in 1954. The Navy take the honours for being the noisiest and most enthusiastic team in softball.

The PI Dodgers, in their first season of Senior ball, also disappointed. Their manager, Fred Diesa Sr. signed up some ex-Braves in China, Yvanovich and Tony Gutierrez and also two ex-Backhewies, Vic Pedruco and "Gato" Remedios. The team was indeed a strange lot. They could rise to the heights or they simply played softball akin to that by certain Ladies'. Towards the end of the season they lost interest and in the final game against the Warriors they played hockey—not a very commendable gesture, it must be admitted. Their "stars" failed to turn up regularly and that perhaps sums up the situation

for the Dodgers. They had a surprisingly poor season and were a temperamental bunch of ball players. A firmer guiding hand is clearly indicated if they are to go places next season.

### Eye-opening

The Chinese Athletic Association boasted of no outstanding performers but their standard of play opened the eyes of quite a few. They had wily pitcher Kassa Nezarin who personally accounted for the Pandas in 8 hard-fought innings and who nearly did the same to the Jays. When "Nazi" left for the U.K. there was no suitable replacement and the Athletics' spare soon died out. A great pity indeed as they have the makings of a great side. Newly-acquired Junior Leaguers 3rd baseman C.K. Wu and 1st baseman Henry Lee showed lots of promise. All they need is a little coaching to shape up into a pair of top-notchers.

Lastly our wooden spoonists, South China. They impressed against the Pandas but the lack of a suitable pitcher sent them down the drain. Even with three SCM Post players, Khan, Ramjahn and Carl Myatt, and later some Junior Leaguers they failed to muster a team four times. They simply couldn't break into the win column until the Dodgers generously gave them a walk-over which was gratefully accepted. They were a team in name only and their standard was more suitable for the minor division. They must be happy over the fact that there is no relegation system in softball.

### Most Successful

All in all, a most successful playing season. A total of 42 games was scheduled with 34 actually being played off. These included five extra-inning games, four shut-outs and only three that failed to go the full distance. There is no doubt that the batters are now more careful in swinging for there wasn't a single no-hitter recorded during the entire season.

The season was highlighted by some really "rough" games, namely the US Navy versus PI Dodgers tilt and the first meeting of the Saints and Warriors. There were no protests filed against umpiring decisions, which fact is a feather in the cap of Chief Arbiller and Dave Cooper and his troop of officials. The only marred features which single out the season were the suspension of one softballer for misconduct and a much-criticised Senior League game that almost ended in a fracas.

# YET ANOTHER GOLF TOURNAMENT

## World Amateur Team Championship

By HENRY LONGHURST

The decision to create a "World Amateur Team Championship," sponsored jointly by the United States Golf Association and the Royal and Ancient—inspired, I think it is fair to say, by the former and supported by the latter—appears at first sight to have been accorded a mixed reception in this country.

Such opinions as I have been able to canvass range from a distinctly lukewarm reaction to yet another international tournament at one extreme to "our old friend filling a long-felt want," at the other.

Perhaps I may first refresh your memory, and my own, upon the details of what we are sprung upon us out of the blue the other week. The idea emanated from America, largely in the person of John D. Ames, the recently elected President of the USGA, and representatives of 42 countries have been invited to the Chevy Chase Club in Maryland, at US expense, to discuss it on May 2 and 3. A trophy, destined inevitably to be named after the donor whether he wishes it or not, has been offered to the USGA and they say they will accept it.

### Four Amateurs

The proposition is that countries will send teams of four amateurs who will play 18 holes on each of four days—some form of match play was at first preferred but seemed impracticable—and the best three scores in each team will count each day. This is a slight and obviously desirable change from the original idea of counting the best three totals at the end, since a man with an initial bad round could put himself completely out of the running. The tournament will take place every two years successively in three zones—Europe, Africa, Middle East, 1958; North America, South America, Caribbean, 1960; Australia, 1962.

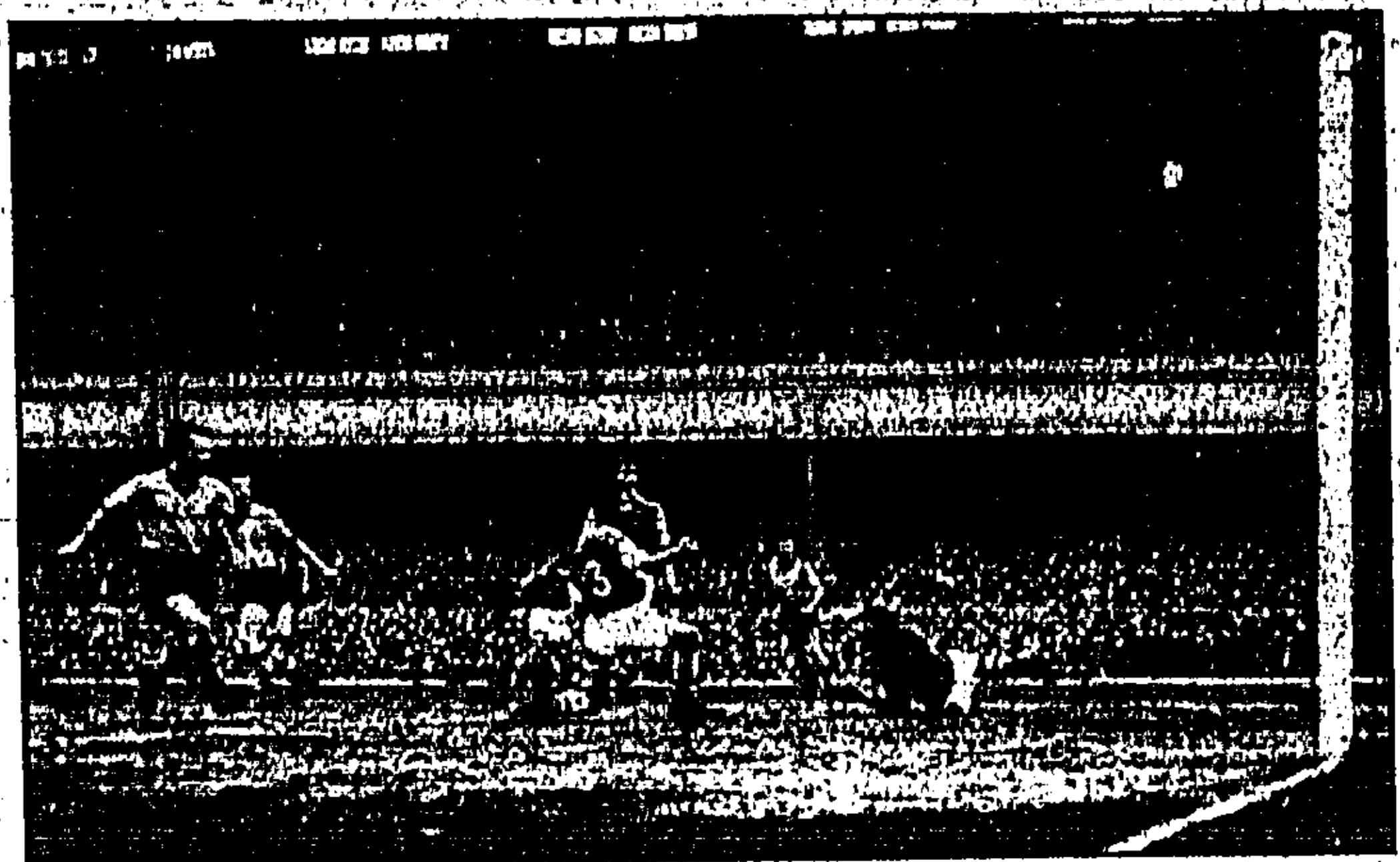
Dates will be calculated so as not to interfere with the Walker Cup match, the Commonwealth tournament, or the triangular matches between the United States, Canada and Mexico. The first "World Cup," if one may so call it, will be played for at St. Andrews in October. The home country pays the cost of running it and is entitled to keep all the receipts. Other countries pay the first-class fares of their team, together with their living expenses and caddies. Unlike the Canada Cup, where they count as four, England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales will count as one and, in deference to the Republic of Eire, will be styled The British Isles instead of Great Britain.

### New Venture

Reaction in this country to the new venture can at the moment be only a matter of conjecture. Opposition will be instinctive in some quarters. "Oh heaven, not another!" and may be labelled unduly conservative and unenterprising. On this side it can be said that the whole point in golf, unique among games, lies in the fact that thousands of people getting out in the fresh air and playing it, not in a few young men flying all over the world at other people's expense to play in amateur internationals.

There is indeed a practical point here. Their expenses may be paid, and quite legitimately of course, but how many young amateurs can truly afford the time? A man in the first four in the British Isles must play in

## BROADBENT SCORES FOR WOLVES



Wolverhampton Wanderers' inside-right Broadbent (second from left) cracks the ball past Arsenal goalkeeper Kelsey and left back Wills, (No. 3) to score his team's first goal in the First Division match at Highbury on Easter Monday. Wolves won 2-0.—Reuterphoto.

## Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Sugar Ray Robinson.
2. a) Ben Hogan b) Bobby Locke.
3. 1950—against the West Indies.
4. Pancho Gonzales—all the others have won the Wimbledon Men's Singles title.
5. World Amateur Golf Team Championship.
6. The Oxford-Cambridge University Boat Race which finishes at Mortlake, Brentford.
7. Dick Tiger.
8. a) Fencing b) athletics c) squash.
9. Sunderland.
10. Harold Larwood.
11. Swimming.
12. Four.
13. True.
14. Herbert Strudwick, England and Surrey (1,493 dismissals).
15. Stirling Moss in a Vanwall.
16. a) Chilean, b) American, c) Australian.
17. Oxford—35 times to Cambridge's 20.
18. Three.
19. a) Ice-skating, b) Cycling.
20. Alice Redgar.
21. Ray Ewry, (10); Bravo Nurmi (9); Jesse Owens and Emil Zatopek (four each).
22. 13.
23. Real Madrid. They beat Fiorentina.
24. Fred Sedgman of Australia (1951-2).
25. John L. Sullivan beat Jake Kilrain. Referee stopped fight in 75th round.
26. a) Rugby b) Soccer c) Baseball.
27. Ted Dexter.
28. a) 32, b) 24.
29. 1928 at Lords.
30. Peter May.

## Nominate YOUR

# Hongkong Footballer Of The Year

Members of the public are invited to nominate Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for the current season.

It is a popularity poll organised by the China Mail, and nomination coupons will be accepted until the closing date to be announced later.

The two qualifications for nomination are:

- (1) Footballing prowess.
- (2) Sportsmanship on the field of play.

Nominations should be addressed to the Editor, China Mail, Wyndham Street.

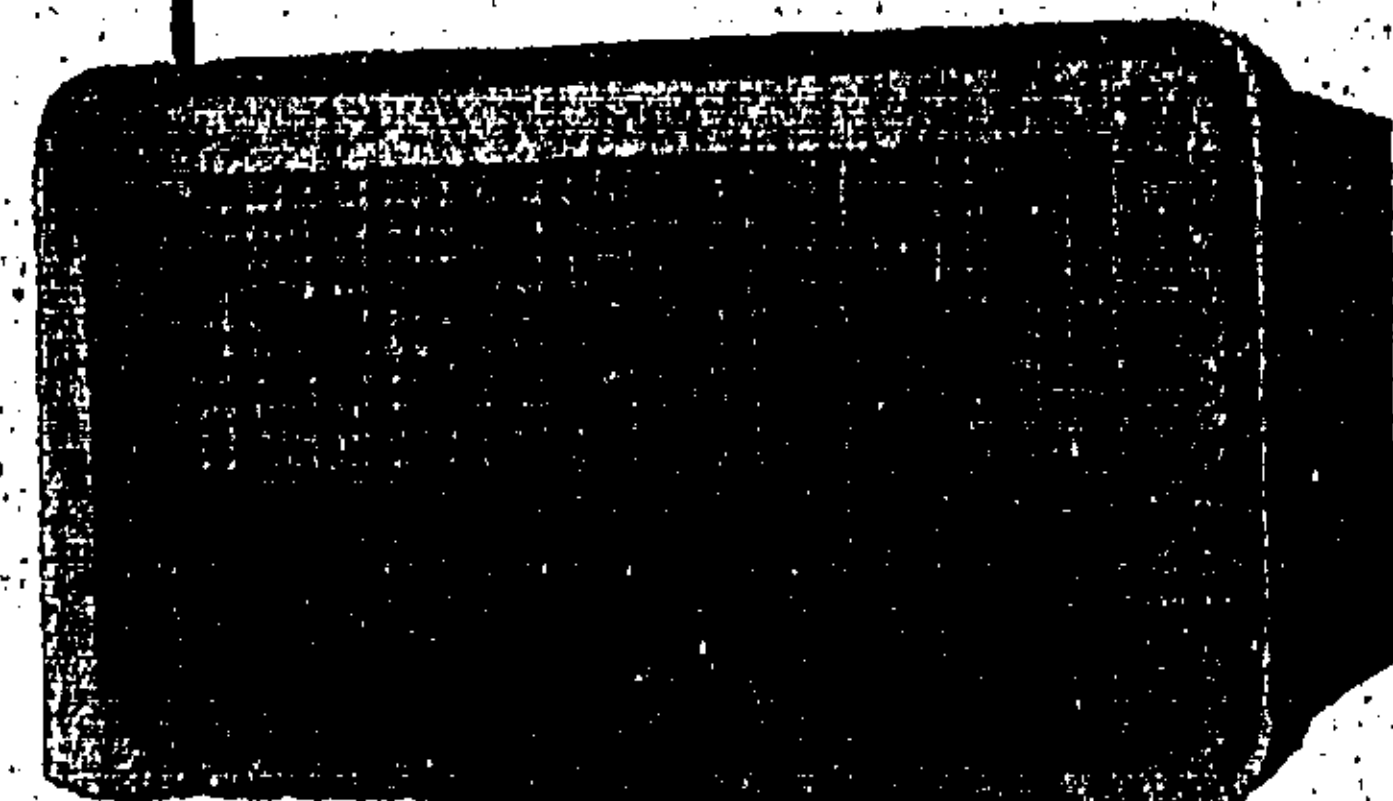
To the Editor, China Mail.  
My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year, taking into account his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play is:

of the ..... Club.

(Signed) .....

**tempair Ltd**  
A ROOTE'S COMPANY

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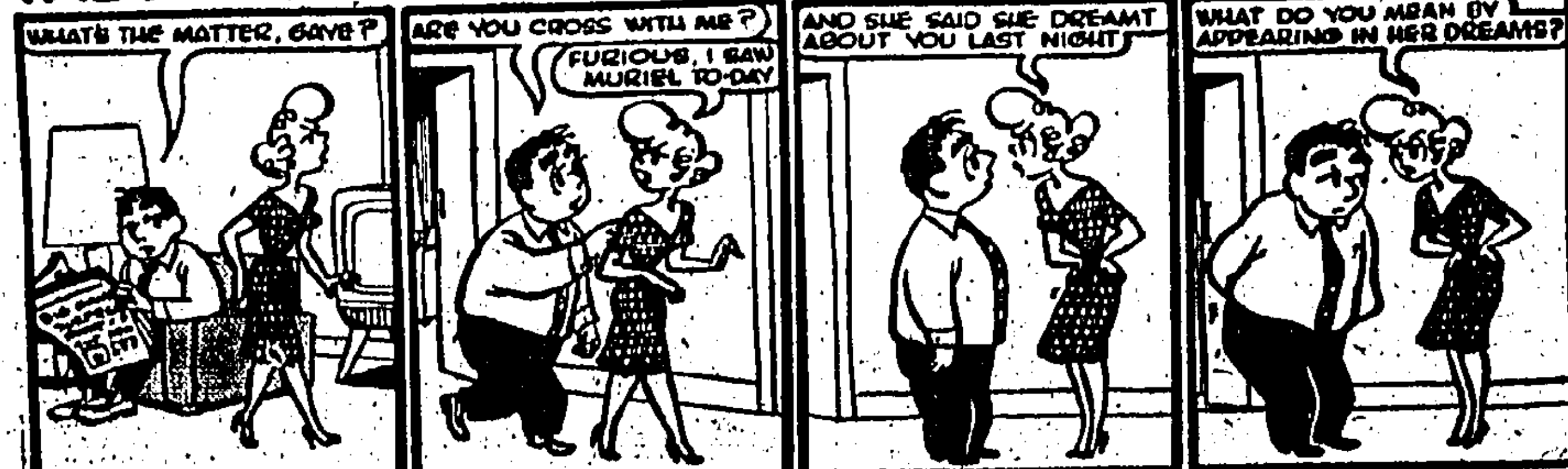
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## YOUR BIRTHDAY ... By STELLA

SATURDAY, APRIL 12

BORN today, the stars have given you a variety of talents and you may have difficulty in selecting the one upon which you want to concentrate. In fact you may try to take up two careers—until you discover that you are not getting anywhere! Once you learn the important lesson of concentration on a single objective, you are well along the road to eventual success. You are one to have close family loyalties and your ties of kin are exceptionally strong. It is likely that your own home will become the centre of your social life, and you much prefer entertaining there than going "out on the town." In fact, you may become quite famous for your parties. This is perhaps more true of you members of the fair sex. It is you who usually manage the domestic scene. You are a gracious hostess and a fine conversationalist.

It is likely that you men will use this talent rather differently. You may become well known for your persuasive oratory and probably would do well in public life. You are able to make peace among dissenters, for there is nothing you dislike more than a serious argument. You want peace and harmony surrounding you at all times. Although you are not as robust as you might be, you have a tremendous store of nervous energy which keeps you working at the peak of production.

Among those born on this date were: William Brockman, Birmingham, Alabama legislator; Henry Clay, statesman; Michael Gold and Donald Grant Mitchell, authors; Richard Borden, manufacturer, and Jana Withers, actress.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, APRIL 13

**ARIES** (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—If you are planning to buy a home, today may be a good time to drive out and view the property carefully.

**TAURUS** (Apr. 21-May 21)—Pay a visit to someone you may not have seen for a considerable time. Enjoy the countryside, too.

**GEMINI** (May 22-June 21)—This Sunday can count for something rather special in your life. Make it a day to remember.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 23)—This can be a day of pleasant happenings—from church in the morning to a gathering of close friends later.

**LEO** (July 24-Aug. 23)—If possible, get a chance to go into the country to visit close friends or kin. Enjoy the springtime.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—This can be an active day for all of your personal affairs. Make plans, but don't instrument them until later on.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—This can be your happiest Sunday of the month. Do exactly as you wish today socially.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—This is a time when romance can enter the picture. Perhaps take your "intended" to visit your relatives.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—You may have to spend part of the day catching up with the work you brought home in your briefcase.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—You may not need to go far to find an inspirational influence today. It could be someone right within the family circle!

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—This can be your best Sunday this month. The stars say that something eventful and exciting may happen to you.

**PISCES** (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—A fine day for all your interests. It's no one's fault but your own if you don't get exactly what you want.

BORN today, you are one to whom literature and all of the fine arts probably make their highest appeal. The stars have been kind in bestowing talent upon you, and you may select a career from any number of fields open to you. You may start out along one line and change midway through life. You probably will be successful in whatever you do, for you have the ability to achieve success without appearing to exert too much effort. Your concentration is tenacious, and once you have your mind made up on something, you are not to be denied it! You are inclined to be prodigal of your health and should make a point of getting more rest.

Although, by nature, you are a rather retiring person, you have a magnetic personality which attracts people into your orbit without your appearing to do anything about it. You are not personally ambitious, but just want to be left alone to do what you wish with your life. The chances are that fame may be thrust upon you because of your special gifts and talents.

You are not, by nature, a money-maker and you do not seem to know the value of money. You probably will make and lose more than one fortune during your lifetime. Your talents do bring you money, but you spend it almost as fast as you make it! You of the fair sex are romantic and probably will have more than one romance before you settle down to a single partner for life. You are just a little little and find it difficult to make up your mind.

Among those born on this date were: Seth Adams, inventor; Thomas Jefferson, U.S. President; Tully Marshall, actor; Sidney B. Fay, historian; Harold E. Stassen, administrator and statesman; James Harper, publisher, and William H. Beard, artist.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, APRIL 14

**ARIES** (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Follow your intuitions this day and you will not err in judgment. Offer help to someone in need of it.

**TAURUS** (Apr. 21-May 21)—Plan carefully this morning and then, after lunch, push toward your objective forcefully and positively. Get results.

**GEMINI** (May 22-June 21)—Weigh your assets against your liabilities and then make up your mind on some important matter. Decide wisely.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 23)—Pay attention to a dream and you may find an easy solution to some problem at hand. There are psychic overtones.

**LEO** (July 24-Aug. 23)—Postpone a decision on a business or financial matter involving a partnership, either marital or at the office.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Be co-operative with others and you will find that you make excellent progress toward a major objective.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—It is possible to combine both social and business aspects today, but you get along faster by separating them.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—This is a fine time to organize a new idea. It should receive an excellent reception wherever presented.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Romantic interests now seem to take the spotlight in your life. Entertain for someone in your own home.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Make an important decision. Trust your intuitions, even if you can't find a reason for your action in your own home.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Take a calculated risk in some personal matter involving business or financial ventures. You should succeed.

**PISCES** (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—There is good fortune in the air, but your personal conduct determines to a large degree the extent of your success.

## DARTWORDS START HERE

THE first word in today's dartwords puzzle is DISCOVER. You have to make your way from the first word to the last by rearranging all the letters in the words in the 50-word circle in such a way that the one letter in common between any word and the one next to it is governed by one of six rules:

1. The word may be an anagram of the word it precedes it.
2. It may be a synonym of the word it precedes it.
3. It may be a word that precedes it, or a word that follows it, or a word that is a part of it.
4. It may be a word that is a part of the word it precedes it.
5. It may be a word that is a part of the word it follows it.
6. It may be a word that is a part of the word it precedes it, or a word that is a part of the word it follows it.

(Solution on Page 10)

## This Funny World



"All right, Melvin ... let's watch our language."

## BY THE WAY by Beachcomber

I AM often asked by the inquisitive what is the point of Moody's Industrial Share Index. Every fluctuation in equity share figures is reflected in an upward or downward movement. The same applies to commodity prices and even to interest rates.

To analyse the seasonal or non-seasonal variations, you take a mean average; say 83.42. By calculating the difference between an upward and downward limit, and applying the result to the index figure, you arrive at the scale of fluctuation over any given period. If that is not clear try something else, as the waiter said to the man who complained about his soup.

**Torrington is puzzled**  
POLITICAL commentators are asking which of all the

political parties she represents will be humiliated if Mimsie Slopeowner loses her deposit. It is noticeable that none of the rival candidates ever so much as mentions her name. Is this fear or contempt? Meanwhile Mimsie's childlike simplicity continues to disarm hecklers. Asked about a slump in the market for certain goods, she said, "It is due to too many goods chasing too little money. If these goods weren't advertised so much there would be still less demand and therefore still less need to produce the goods."

**On parade today**  
Sergeant: Where are you going, Private Copper?

Copper: I left my rifle in my car, old man.

Sergeant: Won't it wait until the parade's over?

Copper: Look a bit odd without it, won't it?

Sergeant: Well, pop along, but try to get back before we disband.

Copper: O.K. Be seeing you.

**The 'Abstract Concerto'**  
THE first performance in this country of Nannetti's 'Abstract Concerto' was received with wild applause. The second movement, an adagio for three

trumpets, summed up the minutely which reflects Nannetti's conception of intellectual music. Nannetti's playing of the saucer produced sounds new to the concert hall, and musical purists were puzzled by the overpowered intervals.

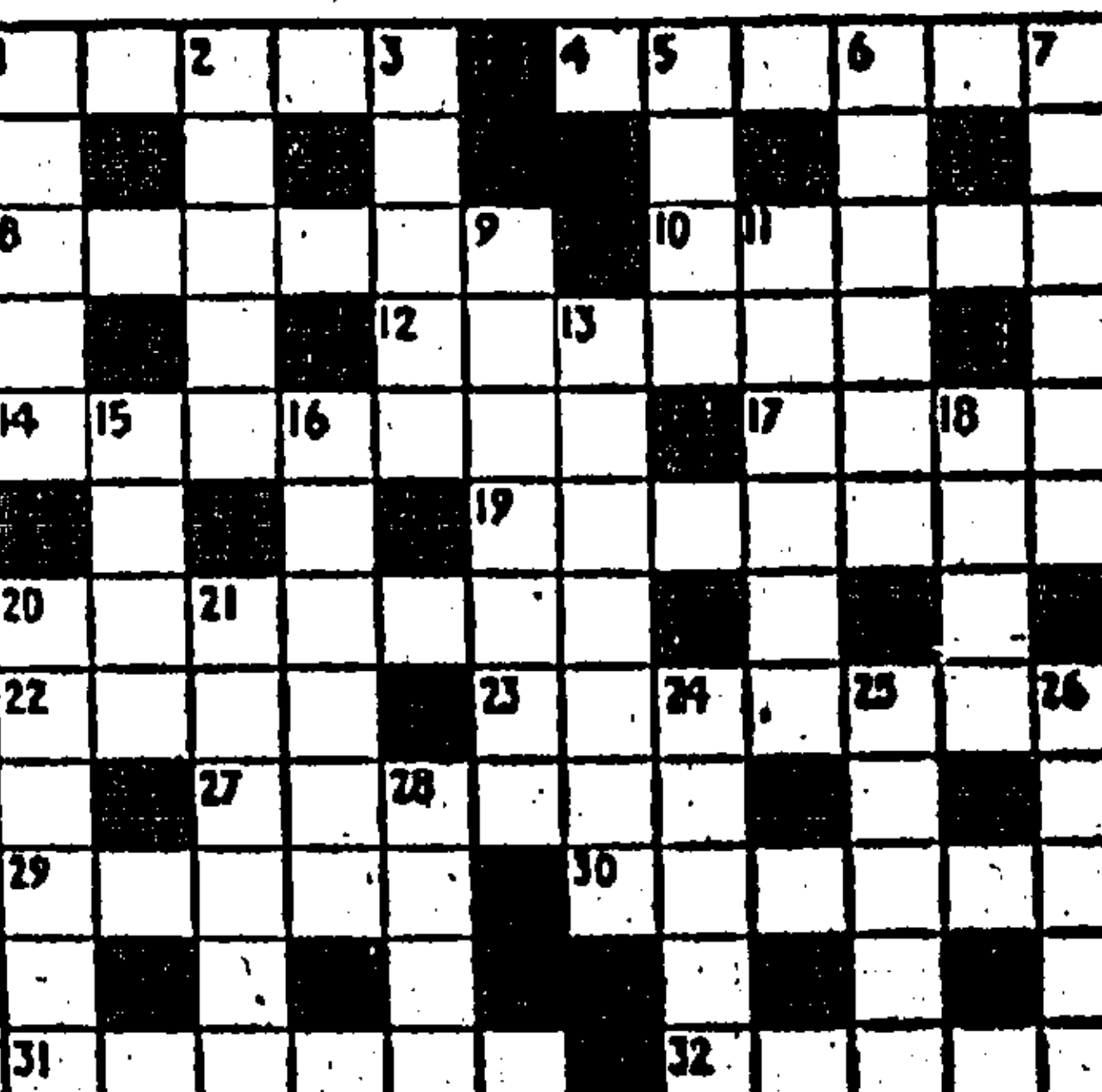
Nannetti said that the sheets of tin. Those who expected a strong melody were disappointed. Said one member of the audience, "There was certainly no tune to whistle or hum, but one came away with the impression of having heard something strange and new."

From actual play; Black to move and win material.

Solution No. 5380: 1 B-K15 (threat 2 R-Q3); 2 R-B1; 3 R-K4; 4 R-Q3; 5 R-K4.

London Express Service

## A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
- 1 Account slide (5).
  - 4 Not much of a sweet (6).
  - 8 She was all against blood-letting (6).
  - 10 Silly boasts (5).
  - 12 They're in the majority (6).
  - 14 Lattice (7).
  - 17 Without substance? (4).
  - 19 They may be in for a pound-ling (7).
  - 20 It shouldn't go up when the rain comes down (7).
  - 22 Fail to include (4).
  - 23 Doer a choice job? (7).
  - 25 Edam, perhaps (5).
  - 27 Pale as a layer (5).
  - 29 One's pay (5).
  - 31 Leg (2, 4).
  - 32 Smell, for instance (5).
- DOWN**
- 1 Headquarters (5).
  - 2 Boat to shove? (5).
  - 3 It's an ordinal to be on it (5).
  - 5 Existence (4).
  - 6 Amber, for example (5).
  - 7 Lamb products, possibly (4).
  - 9 Fatty (7).
  - 11 Piece of sculpture (6).
  - 13 It's no good—be economical (7).
  - 15 Some paper (4).
  - 16 Utterly delirious (6).
  - 18 That's torn it! (4).
  - 20 Murphy (6).
  - 21 Wenib (5).
  - 24 Goes ahead, on the roof, perhaps (5).
  - 26 22 yards (5).
  - 28 Let's the fashion (5).
  - 30 Mile Blyton? (4).

**FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD:** Across: 3 Tap-rooms, 8 Agave, 9 Incubate, 11 Somerset, 13 Deep, 15 Triangles, 18 Sloggers, 19 Apple, 21 Waverers, 23 Martin, 25 Dips, 27 Disperses. Down: 1 Dale, 2 Roam, 4 Awns, 5 Root, 6 Ooze, 7 Sweep, 9 Irons, 10 Cello, 13 Ogres, 14 Errors, 16 Glean, 17 Egret, 19 Aimed, 20 Fable, 21 Wile, 23 Vets, 25 Saddy, 27 Queer.

## JACOBY ON BRIDGE

South Stampedes To Small Slam

By OSWALD JACOBY

SOUTH'S leap to six diamonds was in the nature of a stampede bid. He really expected to stampede East and West into defending at six hearts or seven clubs. Much to South's surprise they not only did not defend but East had the temerity to double him.

West decided that his partner's double was a normal one and not lead-directing, so he opened the king of clubs. South trumped, and noted that he had to lose a trick to the ace of diamonds and afterwards would have an almost certain loser in hearts.

He also noted a slight chance to bring home his contract. East was marked with the diamond ace for his double. Maybe East had only one heart.

South cashed the ace and king of spades and led a heart to

NORTH 10	
♠ J53	
♥ A105	
♦ J106	
♣ J753	
WEST	
♠ 10864	♠ Q972
♥ K1086	♥ A
♦ 3	♦ A
♣ None	♣ AJ1098
♠ K2	♠ 4
SOUTH (D)	
♠ AK	
♥ Q2	
♦ K	♦ 9875432
♣ None	
Both vulnerable	
South West North East	
1 ♠ 2 ♥ 3 ♦ 4 ♣	
0 ♠ Pass Pass Double	
Pass Pass Pass	
Opening lead—♠ K	

dummy's ace. His next play was to ruff the jack of spades in his own hand.

Now he was ready to throw East in and led a diamond. East won in and as you can plainly see had no way to avoid giving South a trick. A spade lead would allow a ruff in dummy and a heart discard. The ace of clubs lead would establish dummy's queen.

East did have one last shot in his locker. He led the jack of clubs in the vain hope that South would play West for the ace. Needless to say South did not fall for this. The bidding had marked East with the ace of clubs, so South discarded his heart right then and there.

## CARD SENSE

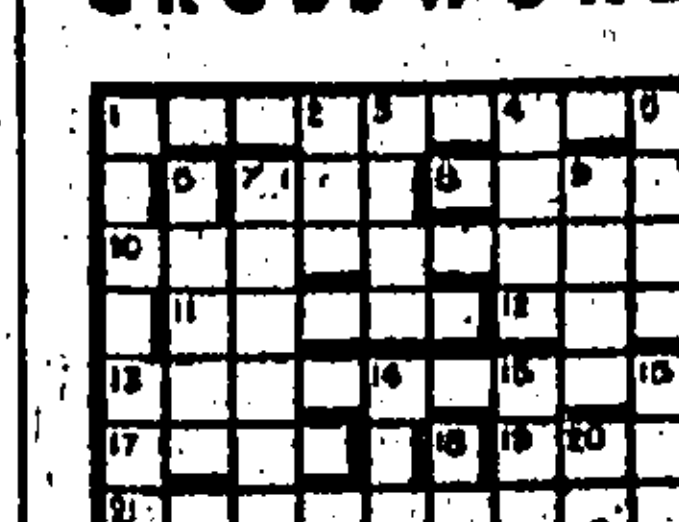
Q—The bidding has been:  
North East South West  
1 ♠ Pass 1 ♠ Pass  
2 NT Pass 3 ♠ Pass  
3 ♠ Pass 7

You, South, hold:  
♠ K765 ♥ A3 ♦ J532 ♣ K54  
What do you do?  
A—Bid three no-trump. The fact that your partner can help spades has not improved your hand at all and you only have 11 points.

**TODAY'S QUESTION**  
Your partner continues with a bid of four clubs. What do you do now?

Answer on Monday

## CROSSWORD



- ACROSS**
1. Nightingale? No light meant. (6)
  2. Bawdry. (5)
  3. To be a little bit of a (5)
  4. Appropriate. (5)
  5. Grinning. (4)
  6. Cover in French. (5)
  7. Vowel. (5)
  8. Sounds of terror. (5)
  9. Prescribed by the old initiate. (6)
  10. Dangerous look. (5)
  11. Well-belated. (5)
  12. (4 letters)
  13. (4 letters)
  14. (4 letters)
- DOWN**
1. Prescribed by the old initiate. (6)
  2. Dangerous look. (5)
  3. Well-belated. (5)
  4. (4 letters)
  5. (4 letters)
  6. (4 letters)
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## PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

**HOLIDAYS IN ANTARCTICA**—New Zealanders were go-getters they would be making money by taking tourists to Antarctica.

**ANTARCTICA**—American Admiral George Dufek who commands the U.S. Navy's Operation Deepfreeze in Antarctica.

February is the month for taking tourists to Antarctica by ship, he said. "In that month the shipping lanes in the Ross Sea are completely ice-free."

"Running a hotel down there would be prohibitively costly, but people could live in the ship and make shore excursions by tractor bus."

The Admiral said he was speaking seriously.

**QUININE SUGAR COCKTAIL**—Sugar-coated quinine pills distributed to Aborigines tribes deep in the Peruvian jungles of Central Malaya are being served up as delicacies on feast days.

Says a Malayan medical report: "The little jungle folk

love the slight coma and whining in the ears which come on when the pills are taken in excess."

**JERUSALEM BELGRADE**—A gold ring that was lost in an Israeli "situation"

packing plant two months ago has been restored to its owner by a Yugoslav fruit seller.

Raphael Jean, 21-year-old blind immigrant who has been trained by the Israeli authorities as food packer—lost the ring last January.

Last week a fruiterer in Belgrade found it at the bottom of a case of grapefruit.

He took the ring to the Israeli Legation who forwarded it to the Foreign Ministry in Jerusalem in a diplomatic bag.

During a mid-morning break at the packing centre one of Jean's colleagues read about it in a newspaper.

That is how Jean learned that his ring had been found.

The former Paris cafe owner won top prize in the French national lottery: 40 million francs.

Next day, as he put his check into the bank he said: "I have had trouble, and to have a good time with all this money one should be able to enjoy it. I can't. My millions won't change me. It will still be a

**LOTTERY** For five days 67-year-old Jean Pages was a 'millionaire'.

**WITCHDOCTORS NOT WANTED**—Rhodesia have formed an association with its own code of ethics. In future, any member found guilty of practising witchcraft, or keeping poisons will be struck off the rolls.

**THEIR MISTAKE**—A gang of thieves broke into a store in Ipoh, North Malaya, and stole 20 boxes of brassieres. Later the swag was found outside a police station, with this note: "Return to owner—they are no use to us."

**PRACTICAL LESSON**—A sale roared through Kuala Lumpur, tore off the roof of a school, and hurled a blackboard half a mile. On the blackboard were notes for a lesson about tornadoes.

**HIS OWN A HOB**—gilded Druggist in Syracuse, New York, was found to be carrying 150 bottles of medicine for his personal use.

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**THEIR MISTAKE**—A gang of thieves broke into a store in Ipoh, North Malaya, and stole 20 boxes of brassieres. Later the swag was found outside a police station, with this note: "Return to owner—they are no use to us."

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